

SAUDI ARABIA.
SOME YEARS AGO.

<ORANGES!
FRESH
ORANGES!>*

<I DON'T
NEED
ORANGES...>

*TRANSLATED
FROM ARABIC.





<I THINK YOU TOOK A WRONG TURN, AMERICAN. THIS PLACE ISN'T FOR YOU.>

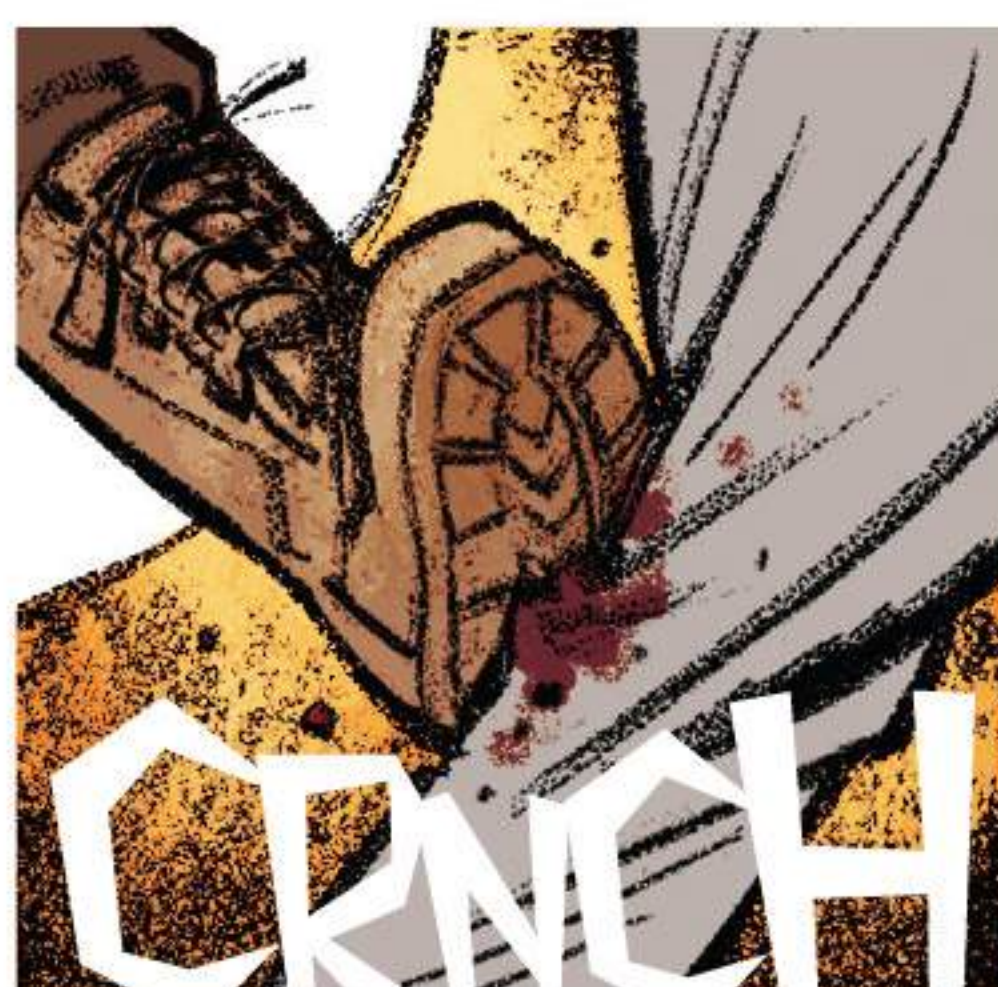
<MAYBE, MAYBE NOT. YOU DEAL HEROIN HERE? YOU WORK FOR *THE WOLF*?>

<YOU ASK THOSE KINDS OF QUESTIONS, YOU ARE GOING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED.>

<I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THAT.>



KRAK



CRUNCH



WHMP



THIS IS DEFINITELY THE PLACE, FRENCHIE. BE READY FOR RENDEZVOUS IN FIVE MINUTES.

--KZZT--
OUI, MARC. ON MY WAY.



BETTER MAKE THAT FOUR MINUTES. ONLY TWO GUARDS.









THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE.

WE HAVE HAD CLOSER, MARC. ALL IN A DAY'S WORK, MON AMI.



THE PRICE ON THE WOLF'S HEAD WILL MAKE IT MORE THAN WORTH OUR WHILE.



AND WHEN THAT MONEY IS GONE, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE LEFT, MY FRIENDS? YOU ARE NOTHING. YOU ARE MERCENARY SCUM.



AND WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU DEAL THAT POISON. YOU DESTROY LIVES. THE WORLD IS BETTER OFF WITHOUT YOU.



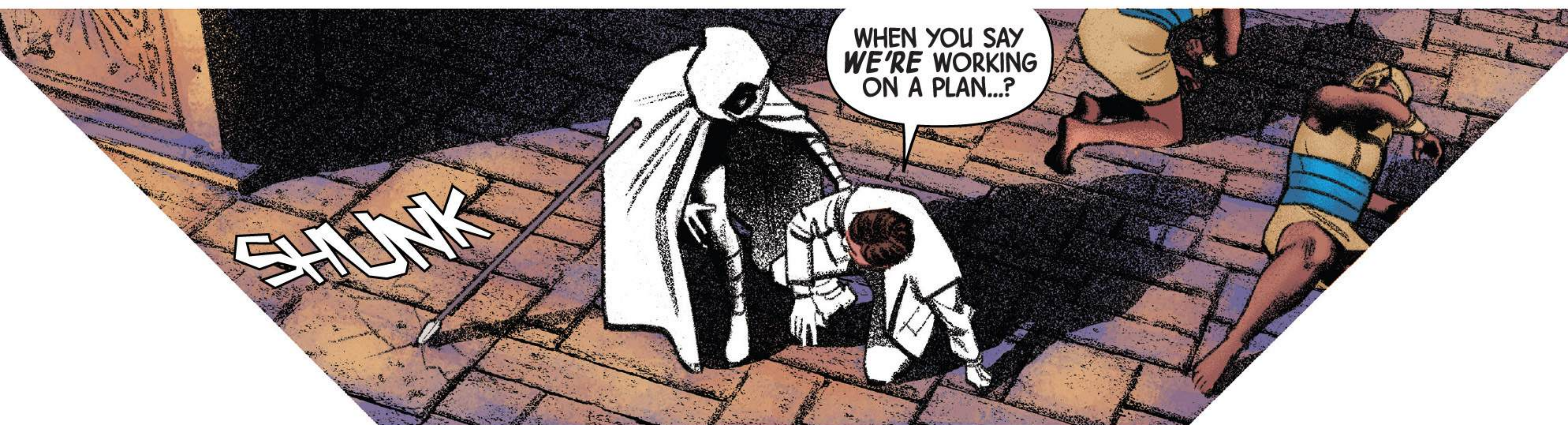
I AM A BUSINESSMAN. YOU, HOWEVER, HAVE NO HOME. NO PLACE. YOU ARE NOTHING.

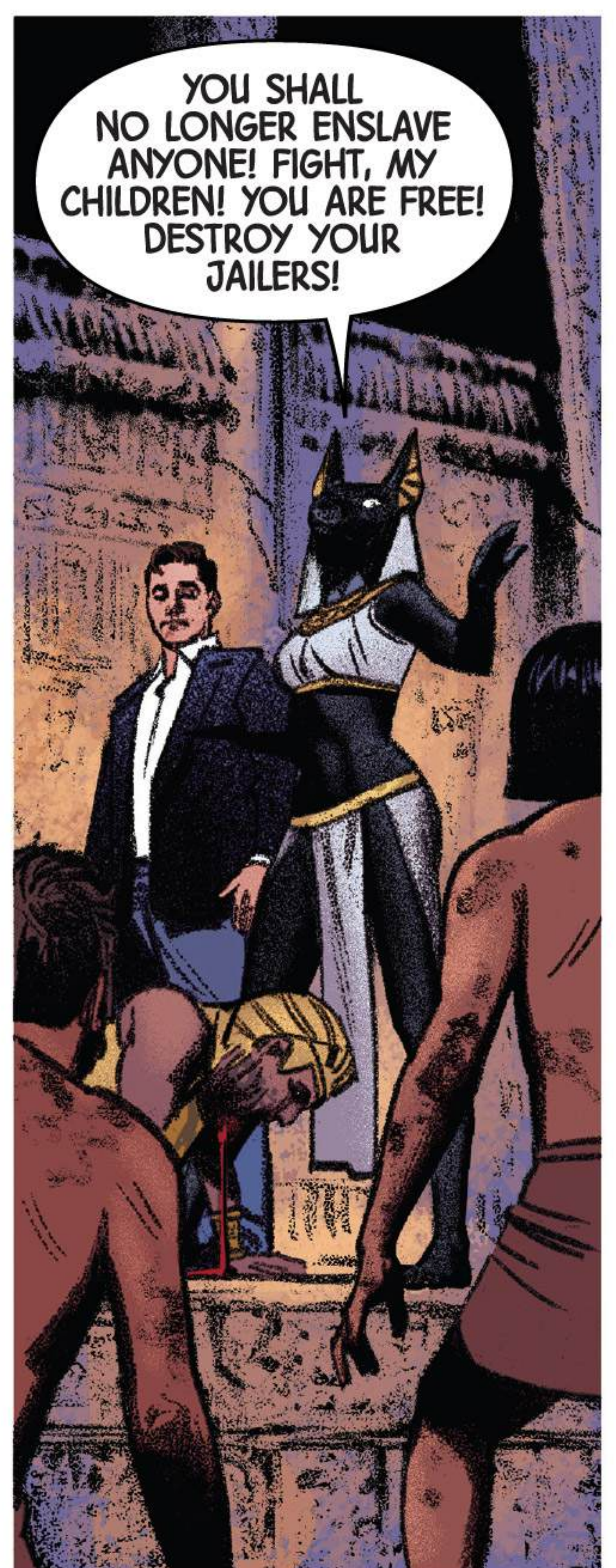
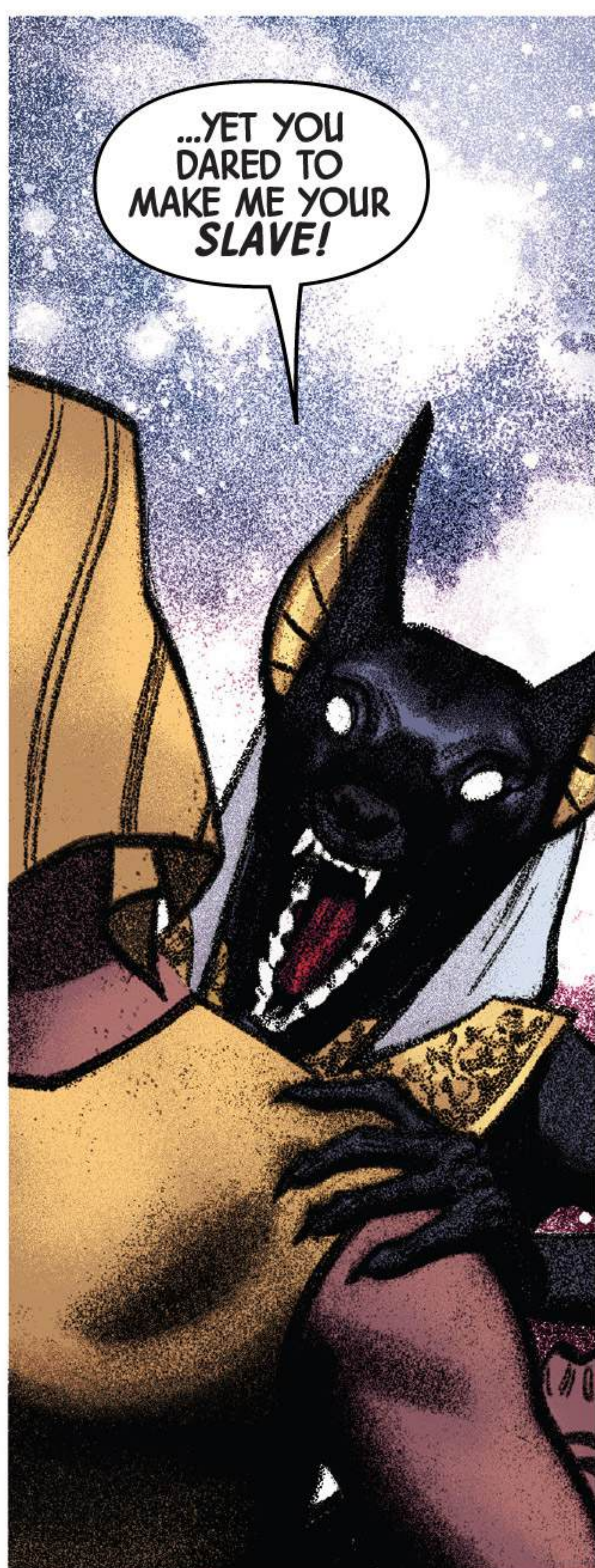
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME, OLD MAN.

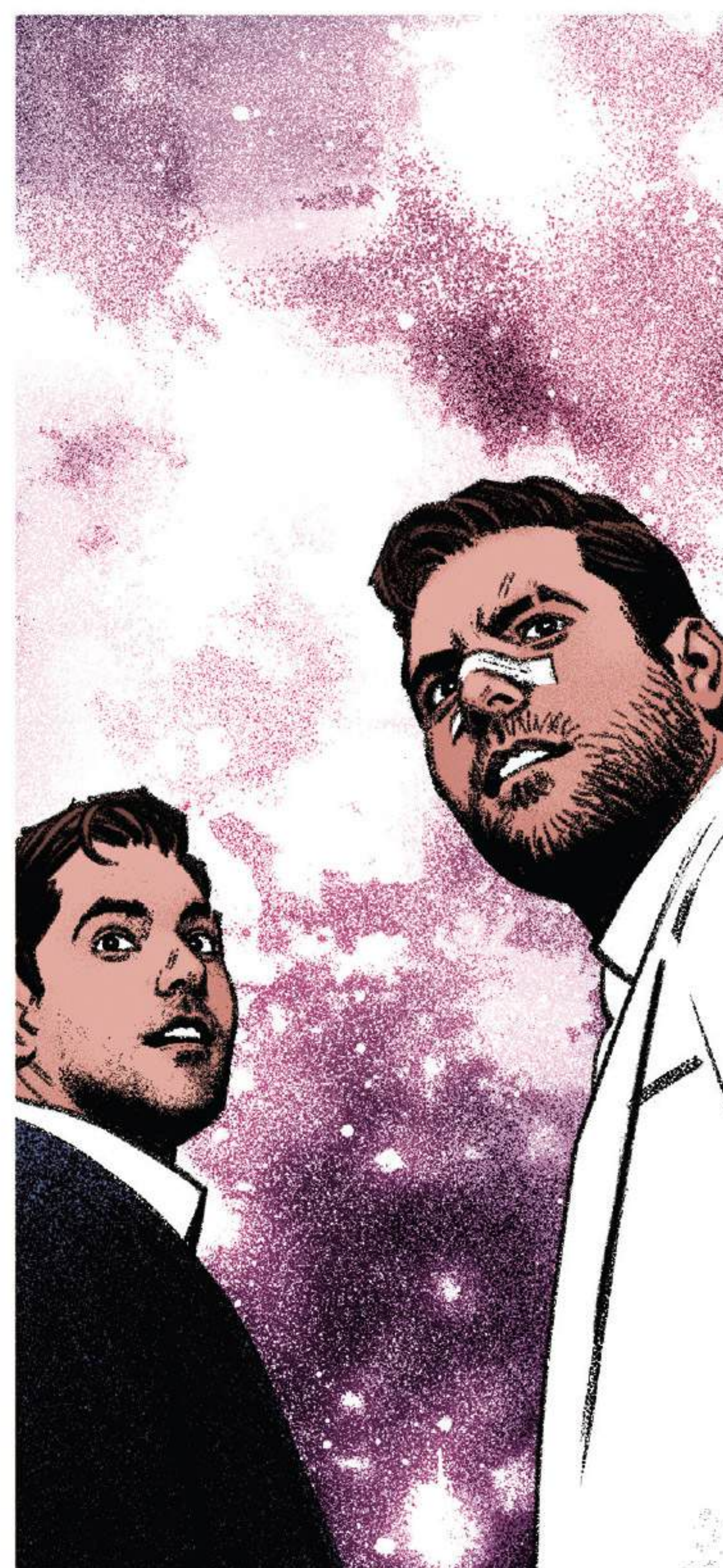


I KNOW ENOUGH. I HAVE SEEN MEN LIKE YOU BEFORE. YOU ARE **BROKEN... IN PIECES.**

AND NO AMOUNT OF MONEY WILL EVER MAKE YOU **WHOLE.**

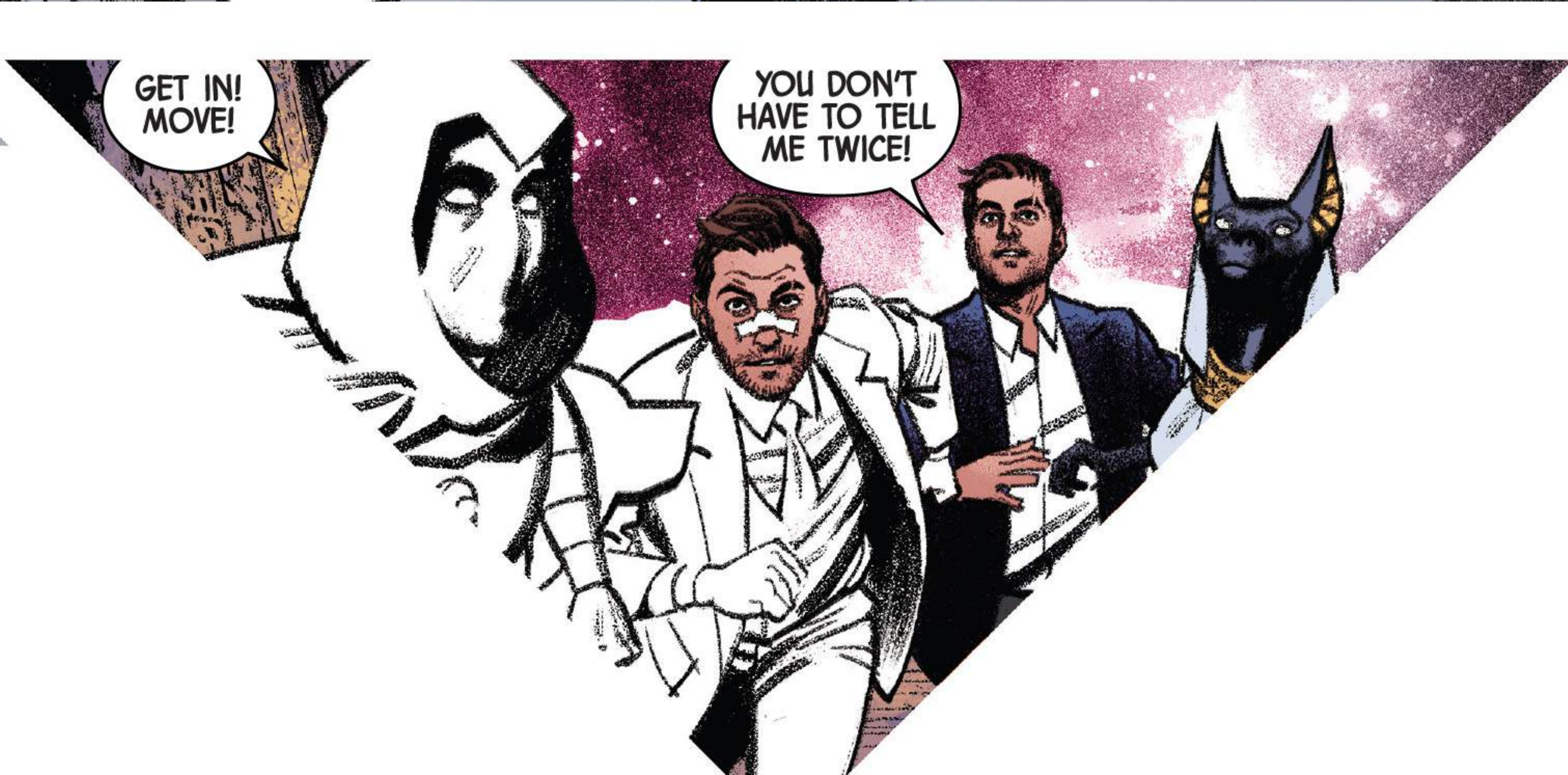








ANYONE
NEED A
LIFT?



GET IN!
MOVE!

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO TELL
ME TWICE!

UNKNOWN



BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE SLAVES?

NO TIME. MAYBE WE CAN COME BACK. ANOTHER TIME. ANOTHER ADVENTURE. RIGHT NOW YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO.



CRAWLEY.

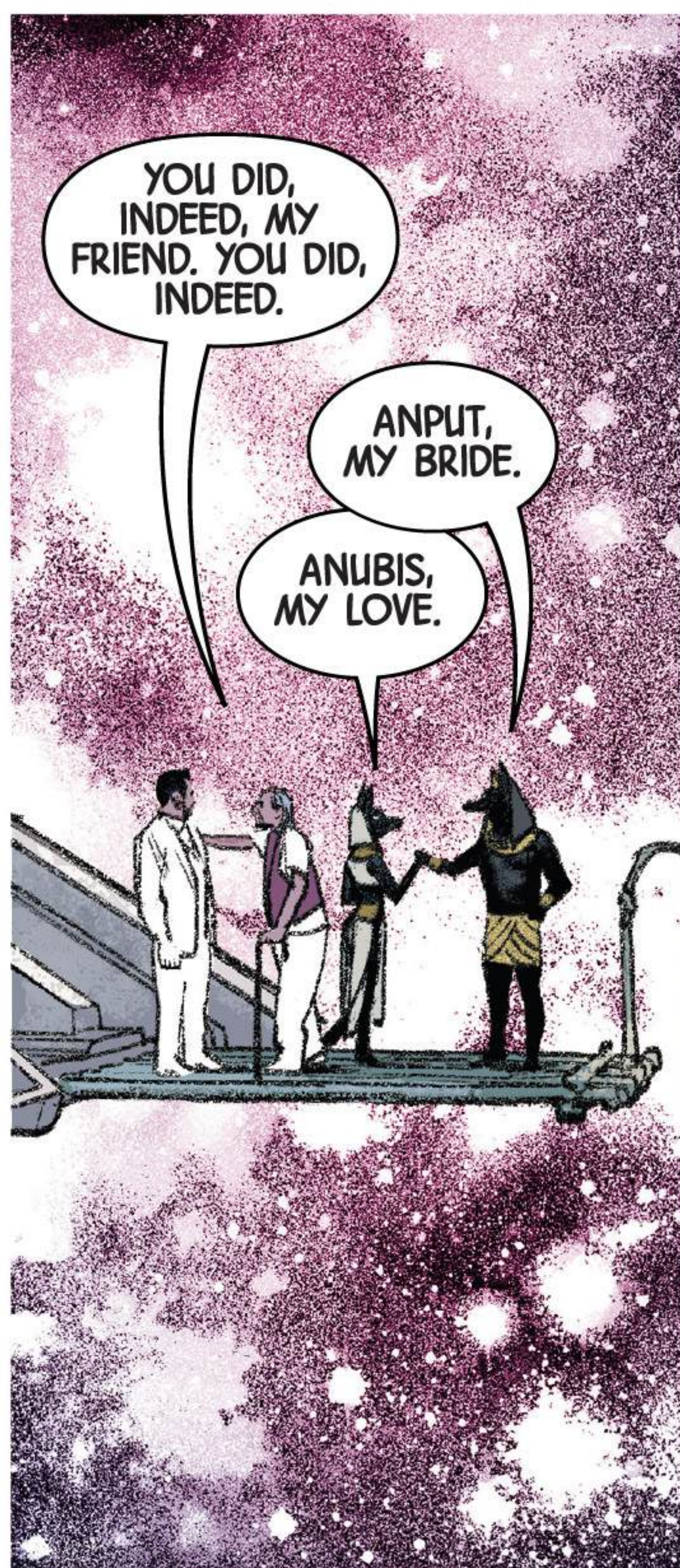
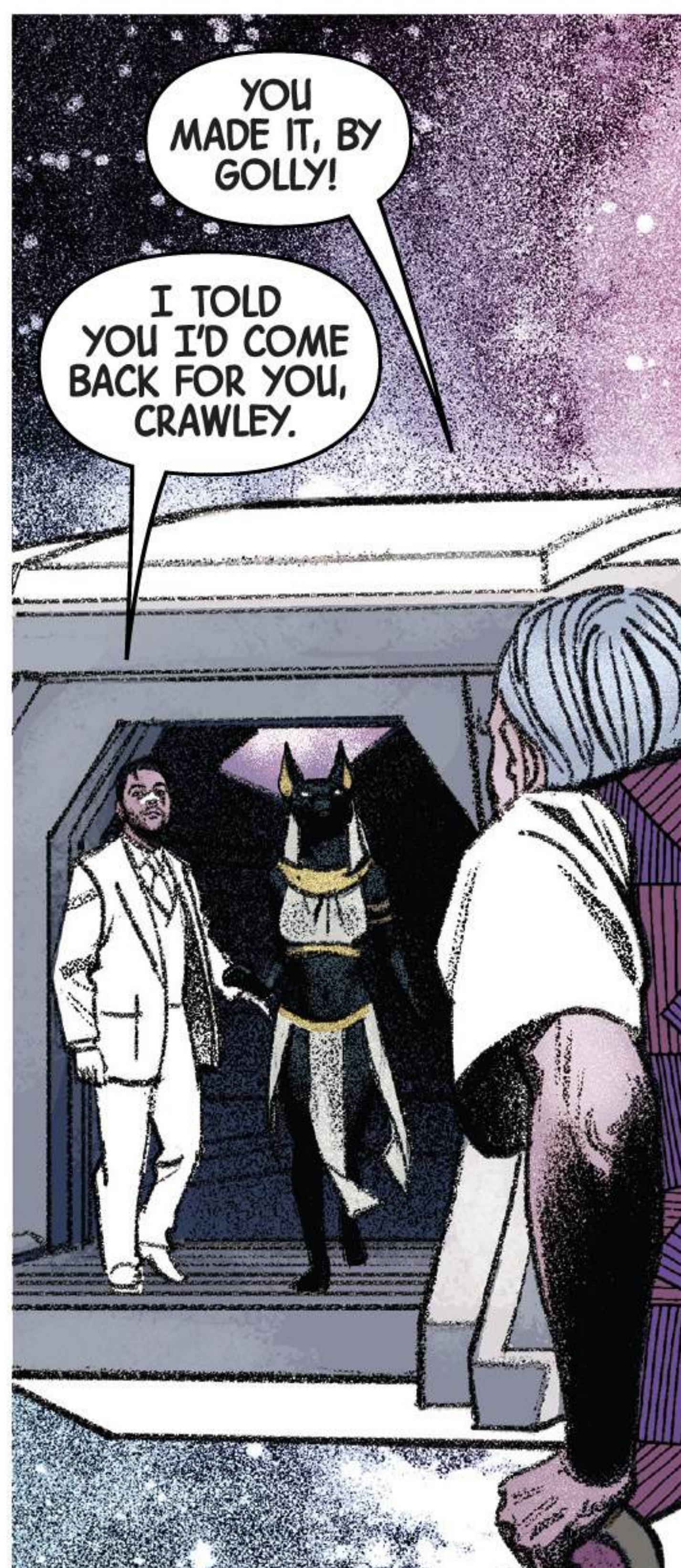
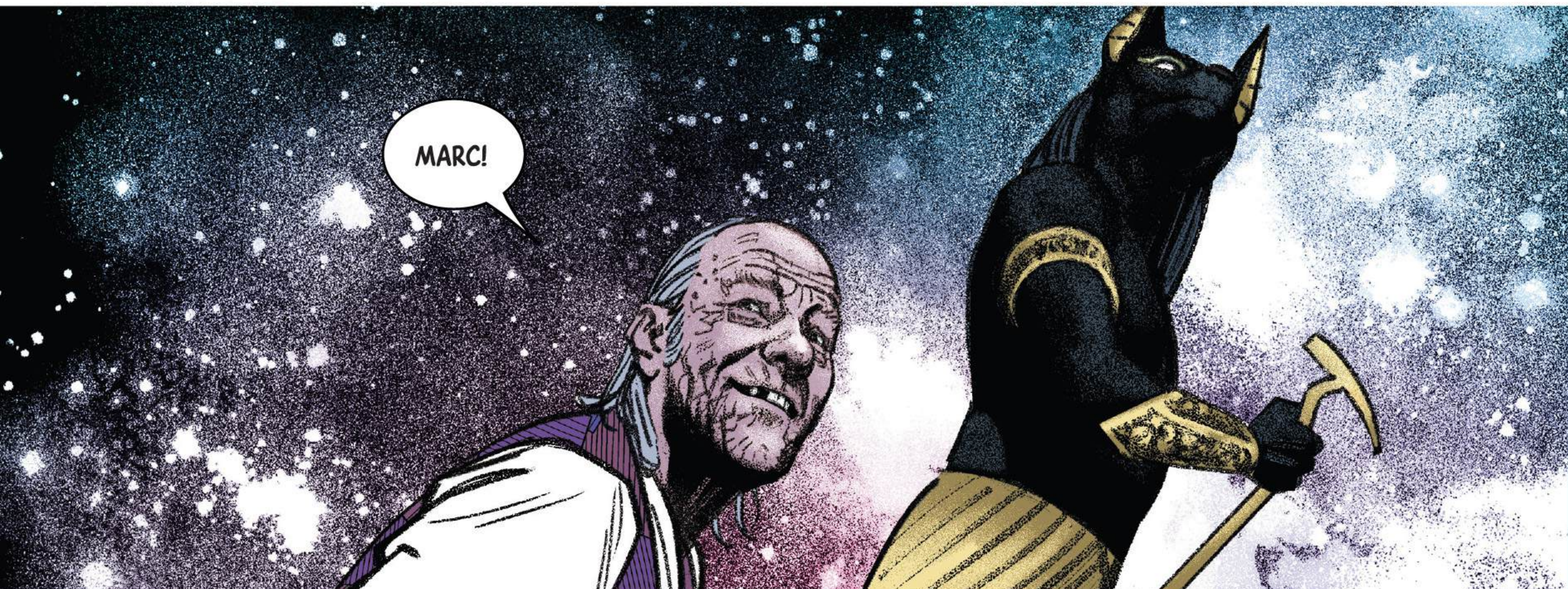
YES. YOU'RE CLOSE NOW. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO GET SIDETRACKED ANY FURTHER.

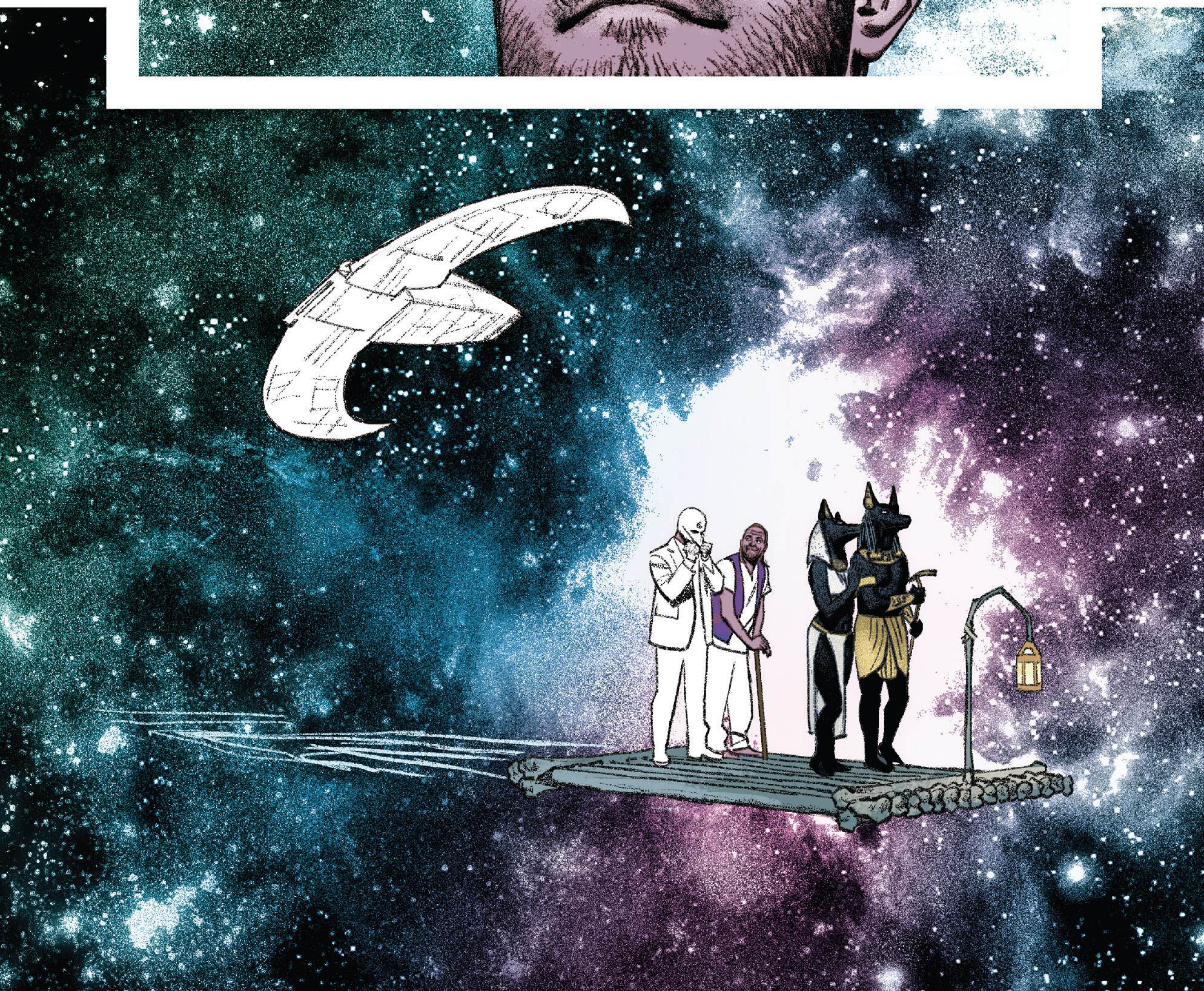


HOLD ON, EVERYONE...

...WE'RE ABOUT TO BREACH REALITIES!







CAIRO.
SOME YEARS AGO.



I DON'T LIKE
THIS PLACE,
FRENCHIE.

I WOULD
BE WORRIED ABOUT
YOU IF YOU DID, MARC.
THE WORST OF THE
WORST COME
HERE.



BUT THE MAN WHO
RUNS THIS PLACE
ALSO *PAYS* THE
MOST. SO...

NOT YET.
AND FROM
WHAT I HEAR,
WE DON'T
WANT TO.

AND WHO
DOES RUN THIS
PLACE? HAVE YOU
EVER SPOKEN
TO HIM?



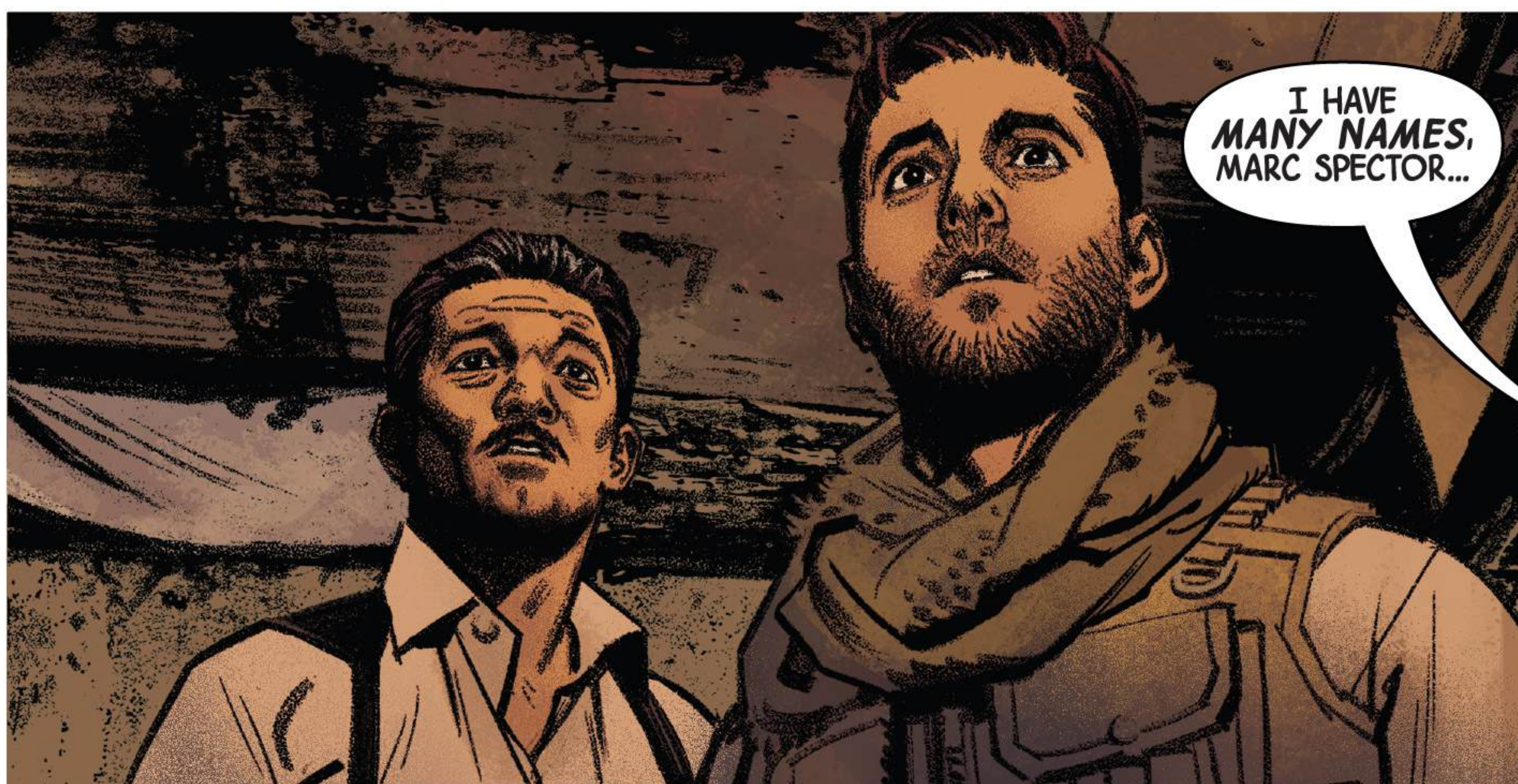
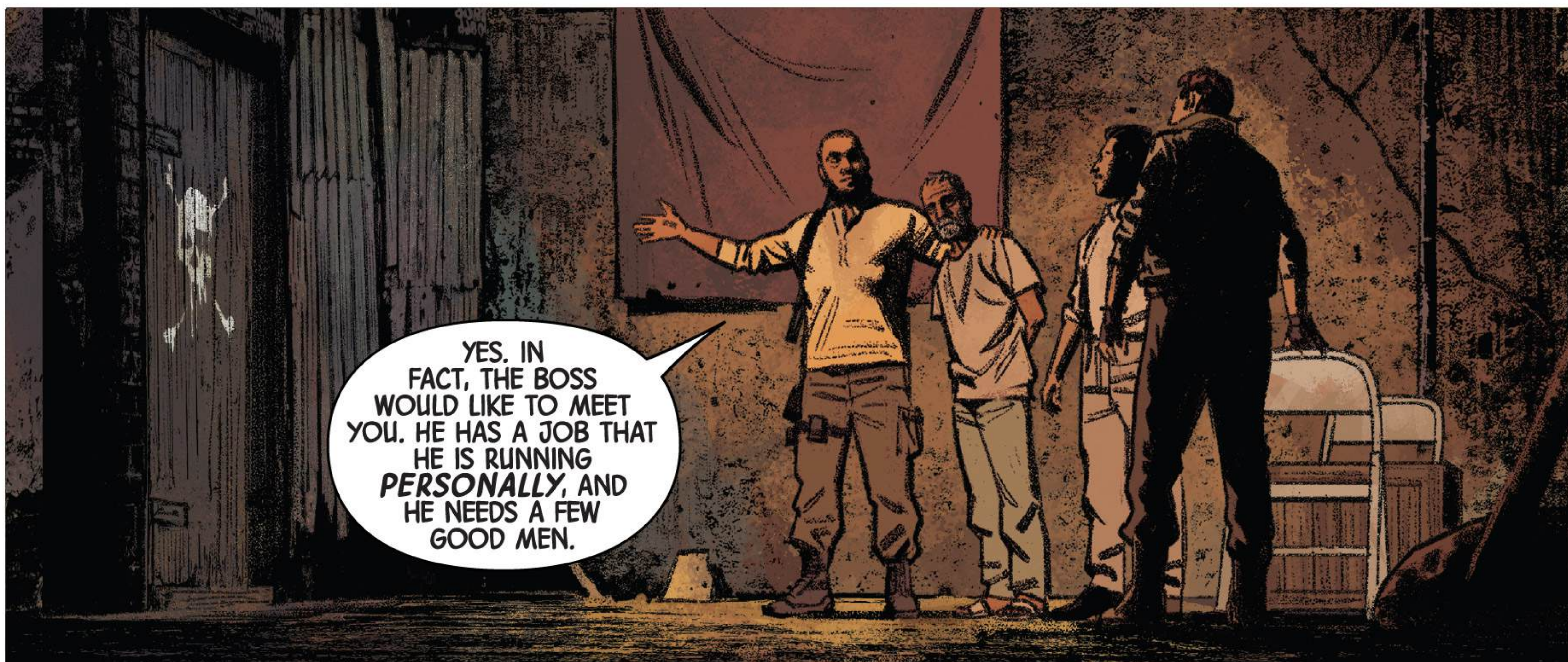
SO THIS IS
THE WOLF. I ADMIT,
I HAD MY DOUBTS
THAT YOU COULD PULL
THIS JOB OFF,
JEAN-PAUL.

I HAVEN'T
DROPPED A JOB
YET, RAHIM.
ESPECIALLY NOT
SINCE MARC
JOINED ME.



AH, YES, MARC SPECTOR.
I HAVE BEEN HEARING
ABOUT YOU. IMPRESSIVE
WORK. AND I'M NOT THE
ONLY ONE WHO
HAS NOTICED.

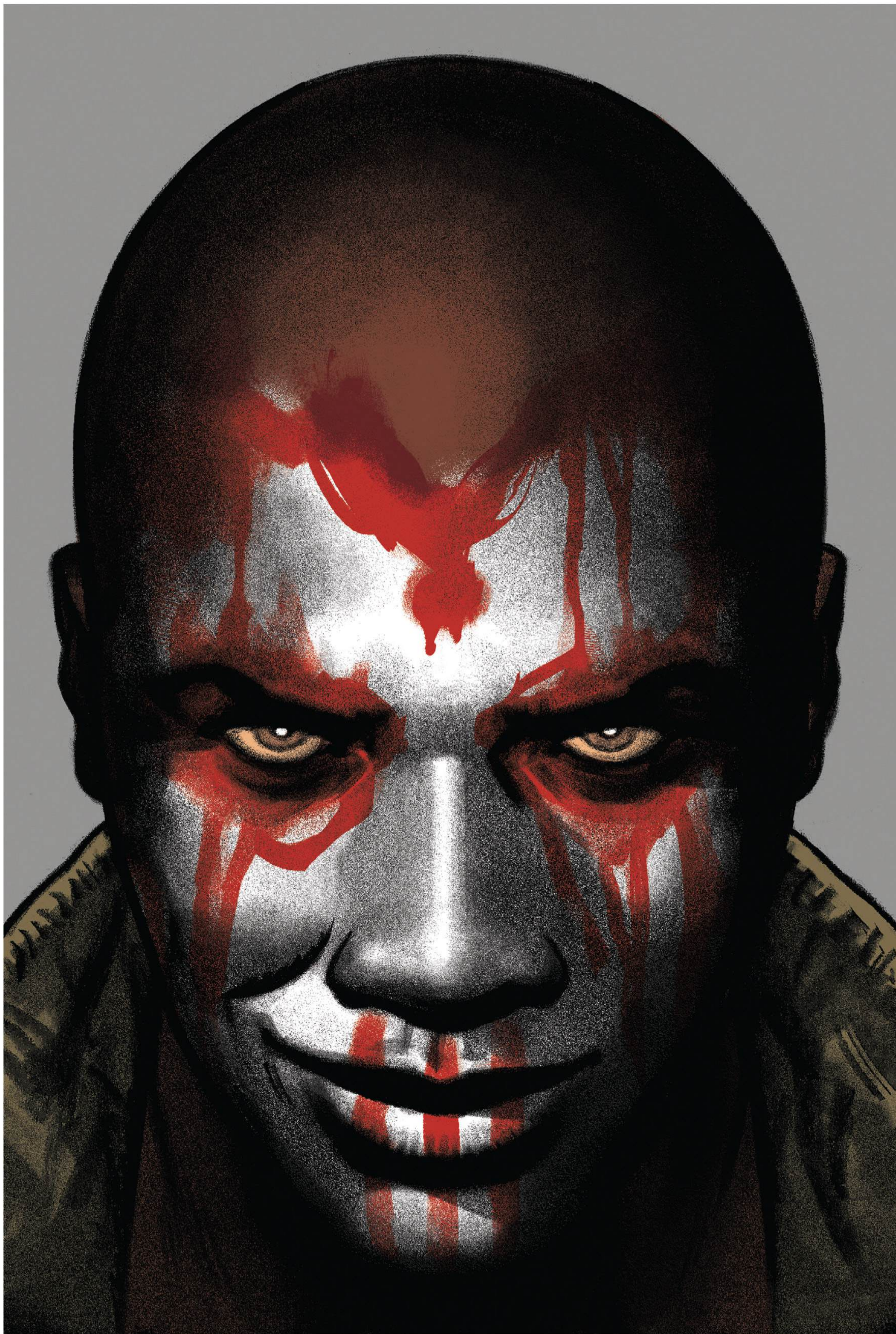
THAT
SO?

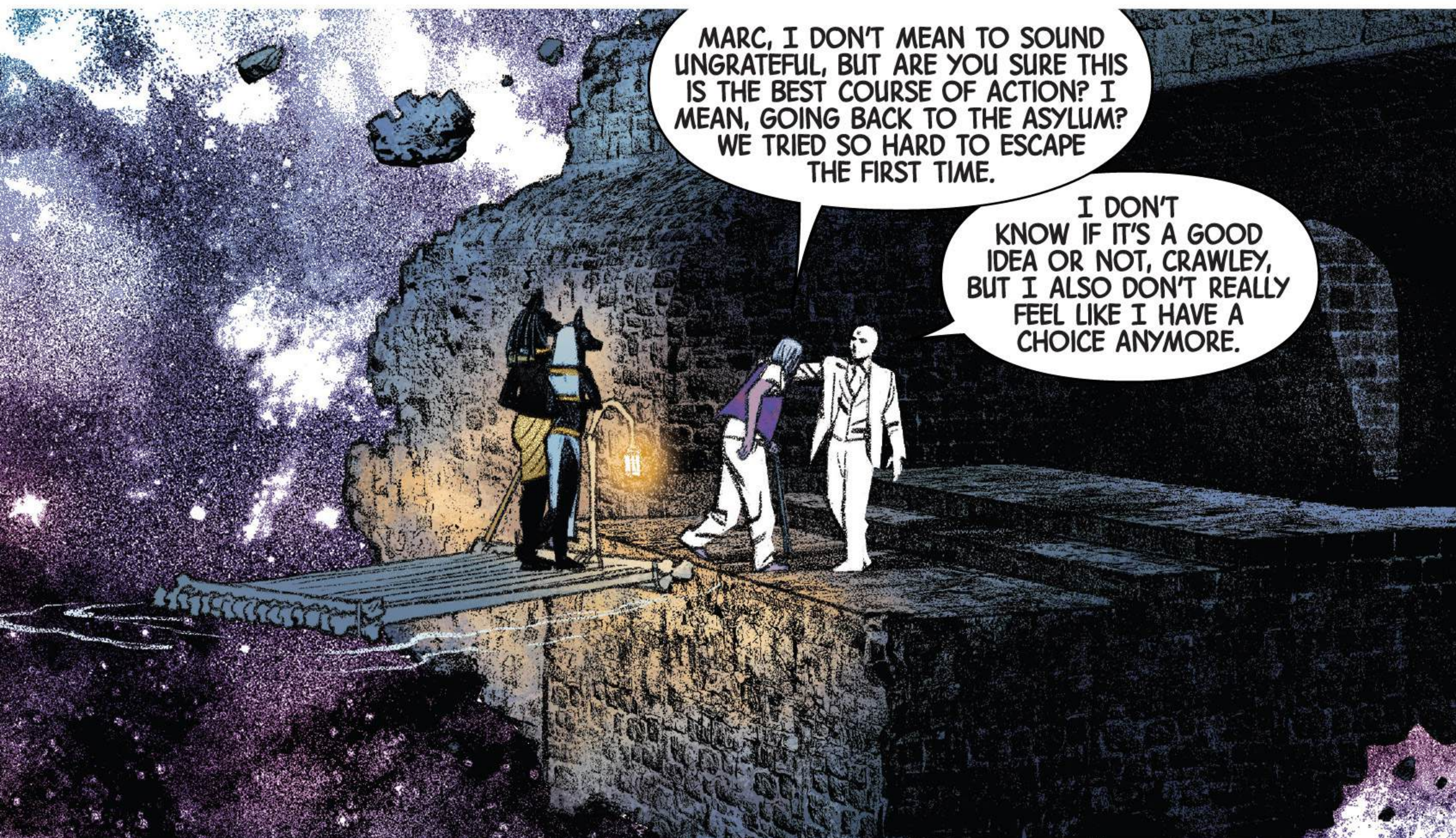




I'VE BEEN WATCHING BOTH OF YOU. I THINK WE ARE GOING TO BECOME VERY GOOD FRIENDS, INDEED.

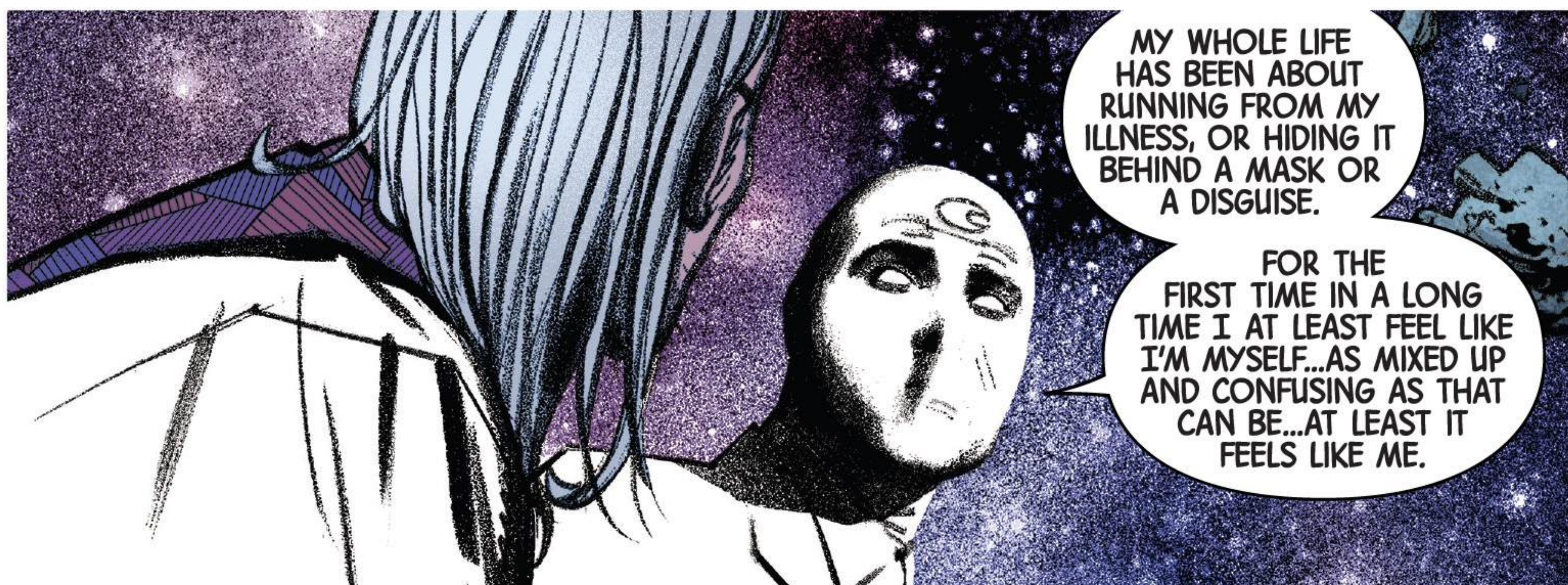






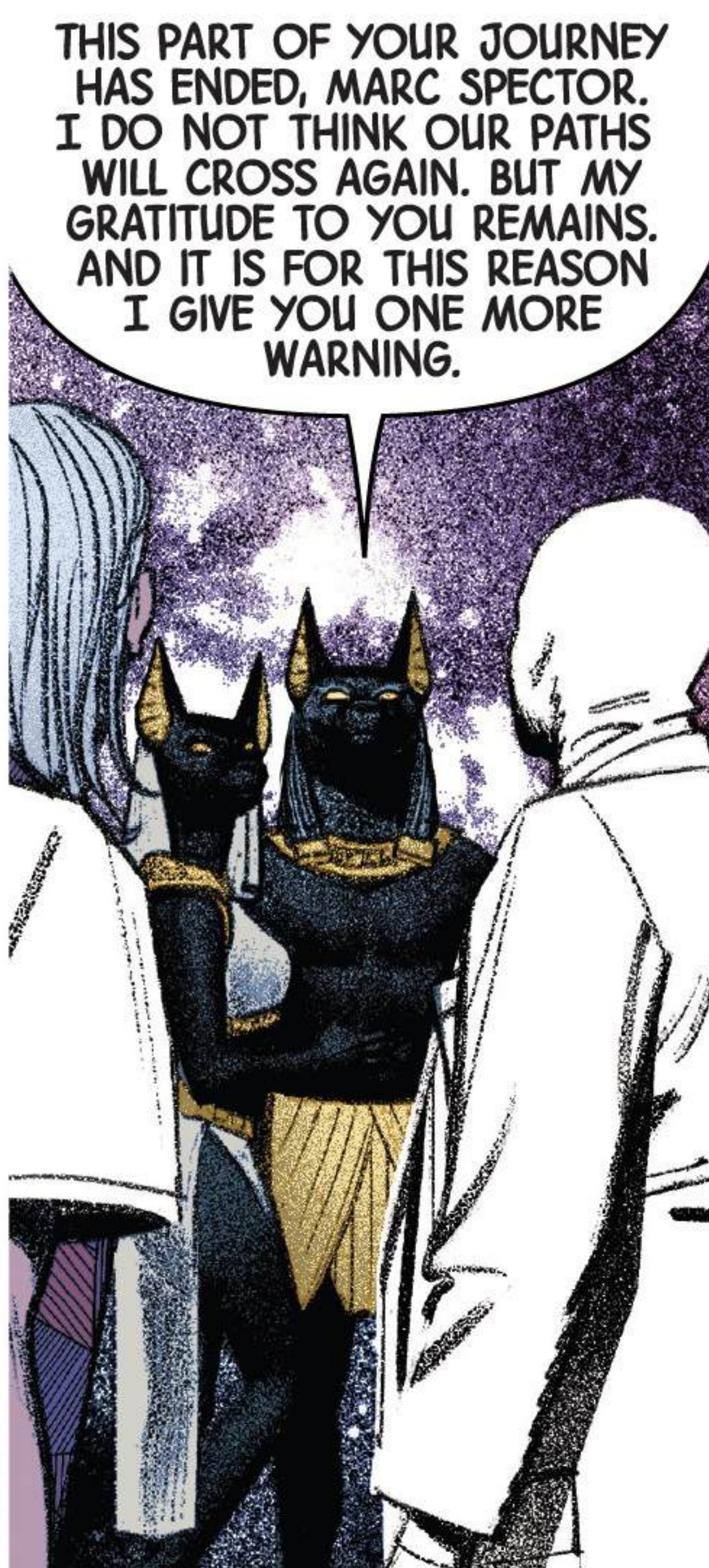
MARC, I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL, BUT ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE BEST COURSE OF ACTION? I MEAN, GOING BACK TO THE ASYLUM? WE TRIED SO HARD TO ESCAPE THE FIRST TIME.

I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S A GOOD IDEA OR NOT, CRAWLEY, BUT I ALSO DON'T REALLY FEEL LIKE I HAVE A CHOICE ANYMORE.



MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN ABOUT RUNNING FROM MY ILLNESS, OR HIDING IT BEHIND A MASK OR A DISGUISE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME I AT LEAST FEEL LIKE I'M MYSELF...AS MIXED UP AND CONFUSING AS THAT CAN BE...AT LEAST IT FEELS LIKE ME.



THIS PART OF YOUR JOURNEY HAS ENDED, MARC SPECTOR. I DO NOT THINK OUR PATHS WILL CROSS AGAIN. BUT MY GRATITUDE TO YOU REMAINS. AND IT IS FOR THIS REASON I GIVE YOU ONE MORE WARNING.



I SEE MANY THINGS DOWN HERE BELOW THE WORLD. AND I HAVE SEEN OTHERS COMING AND GOING...OTHERS THAT WISH YOU HARM. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD HEED CRAWLEY'S WARNING. IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO LEAVE THIS PLACE.



NO. THIS IS THE ONLY PATH FOR ME NOW.

VERY WELL. GOODBYE, MR. KNIGHT.



CRAWLEY,
CAN YOU FIND
GENA'S DINER FROM
HERE? SHE'LL BE
WAITING.

GENA? BUT--
I'M NOT LEAVING
YOU ALONE DOWN
HERE, MARC.

I KNOW YOU
MEAN WELL, CRAWLEY,
BUT I *HAVE* TO GO ALONE.
I ALREADY LOST *FRENCHIE*.
AND I LEFT YOU IN DANGER
ONCE. I WON'T DO
IT AGAIN.

BUT--

NO "BUTS,"
CRAWLEY. AND I KNOW
YOU PRIDE YOURSELF ON
YOUR ABILITY TO TALK THE
STRIPES OFF A TIGER, BUT
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.
THIS IS HOW IT HAS
TO BE.



WILL--WILL I
SEE YOU AGAIN,
MARC?

I DON'T
KNOW.

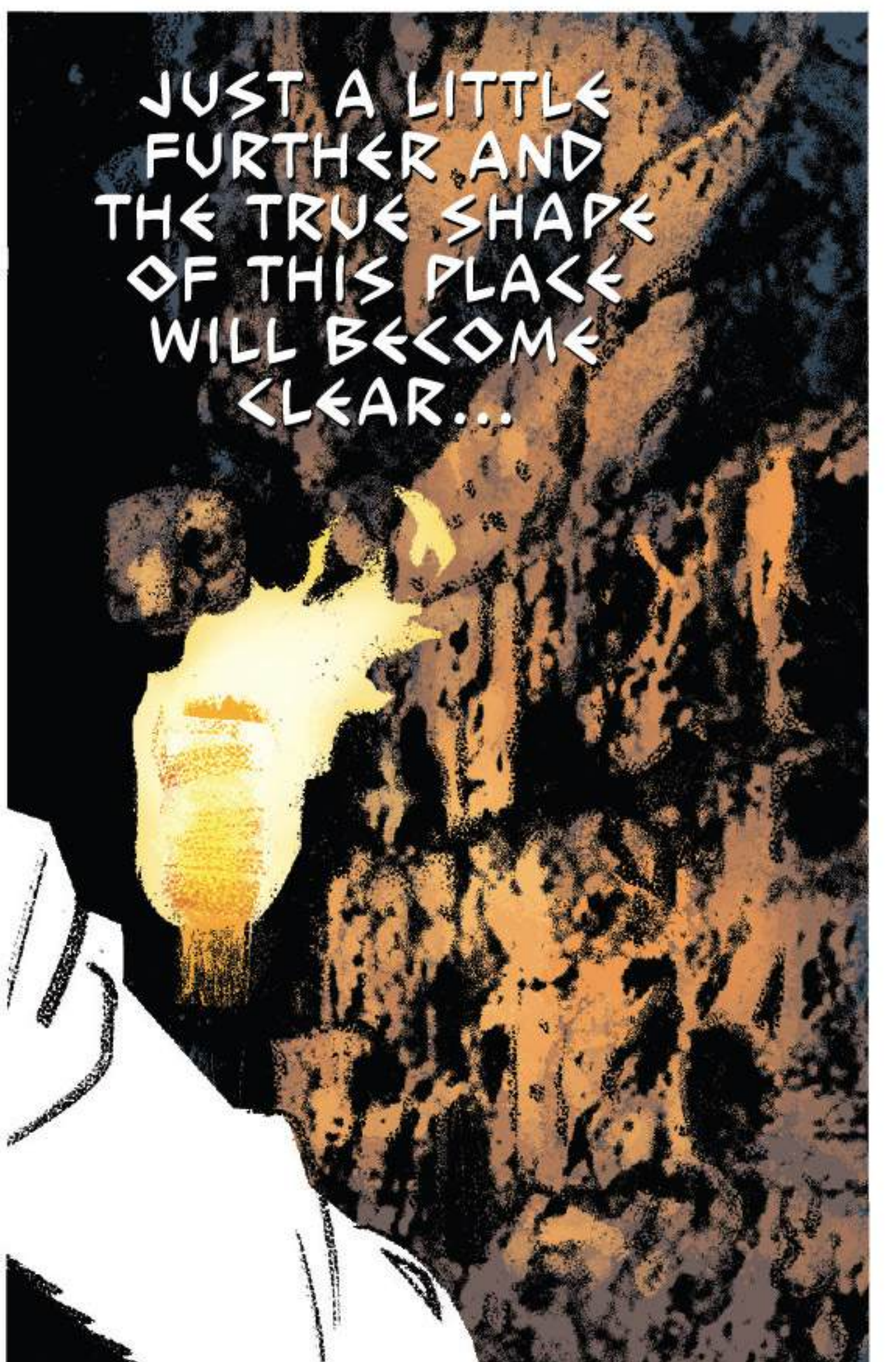
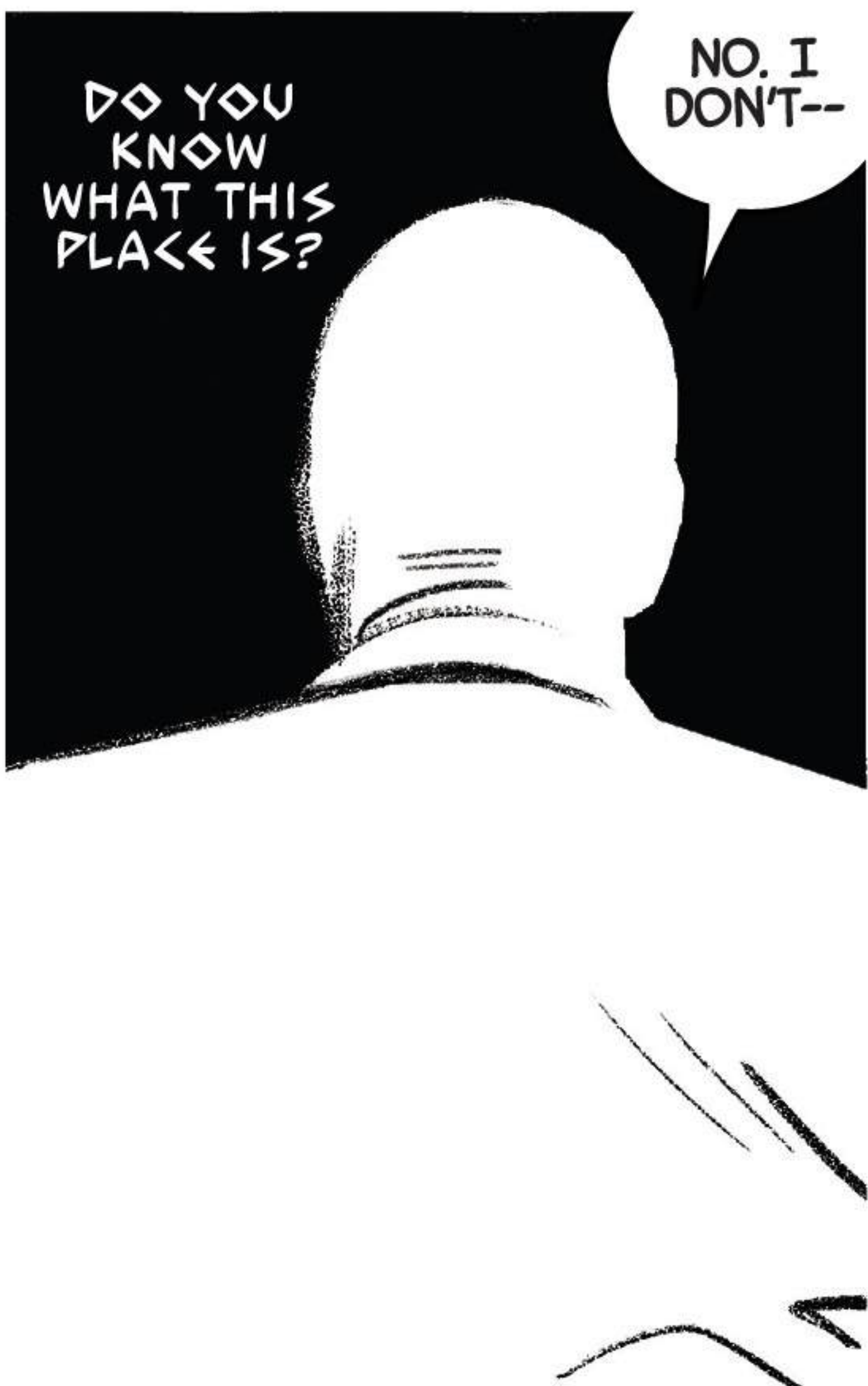
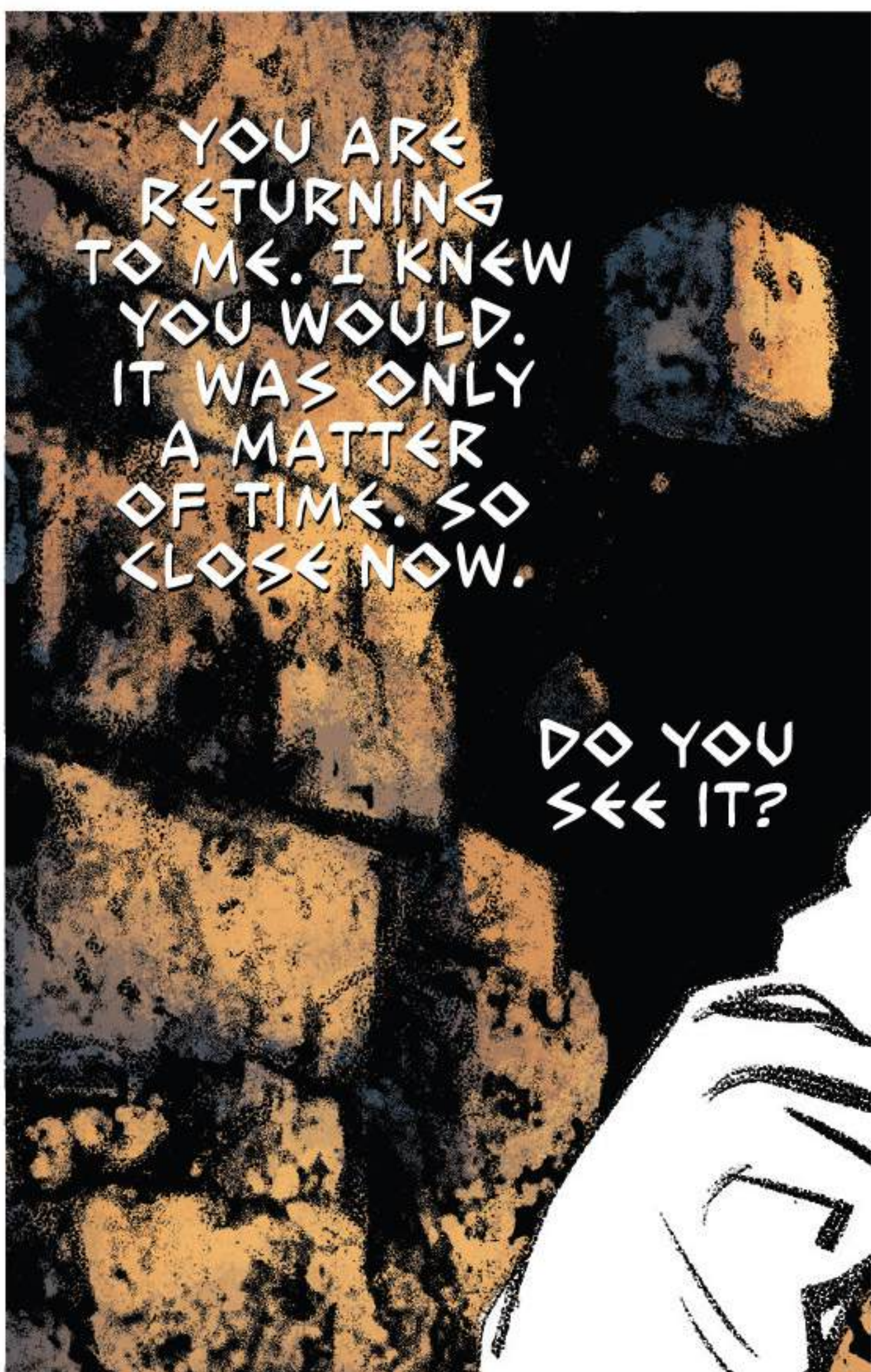
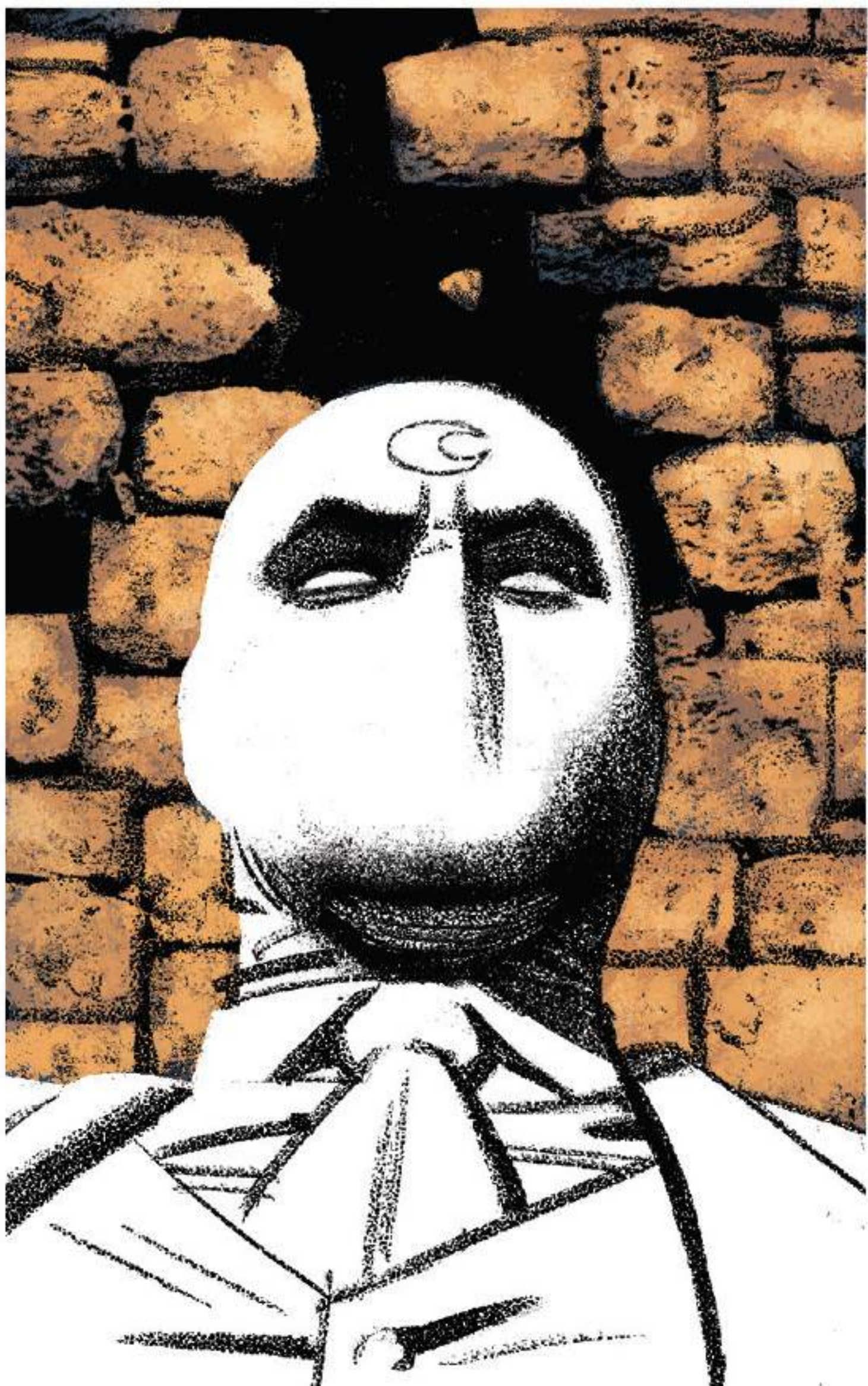
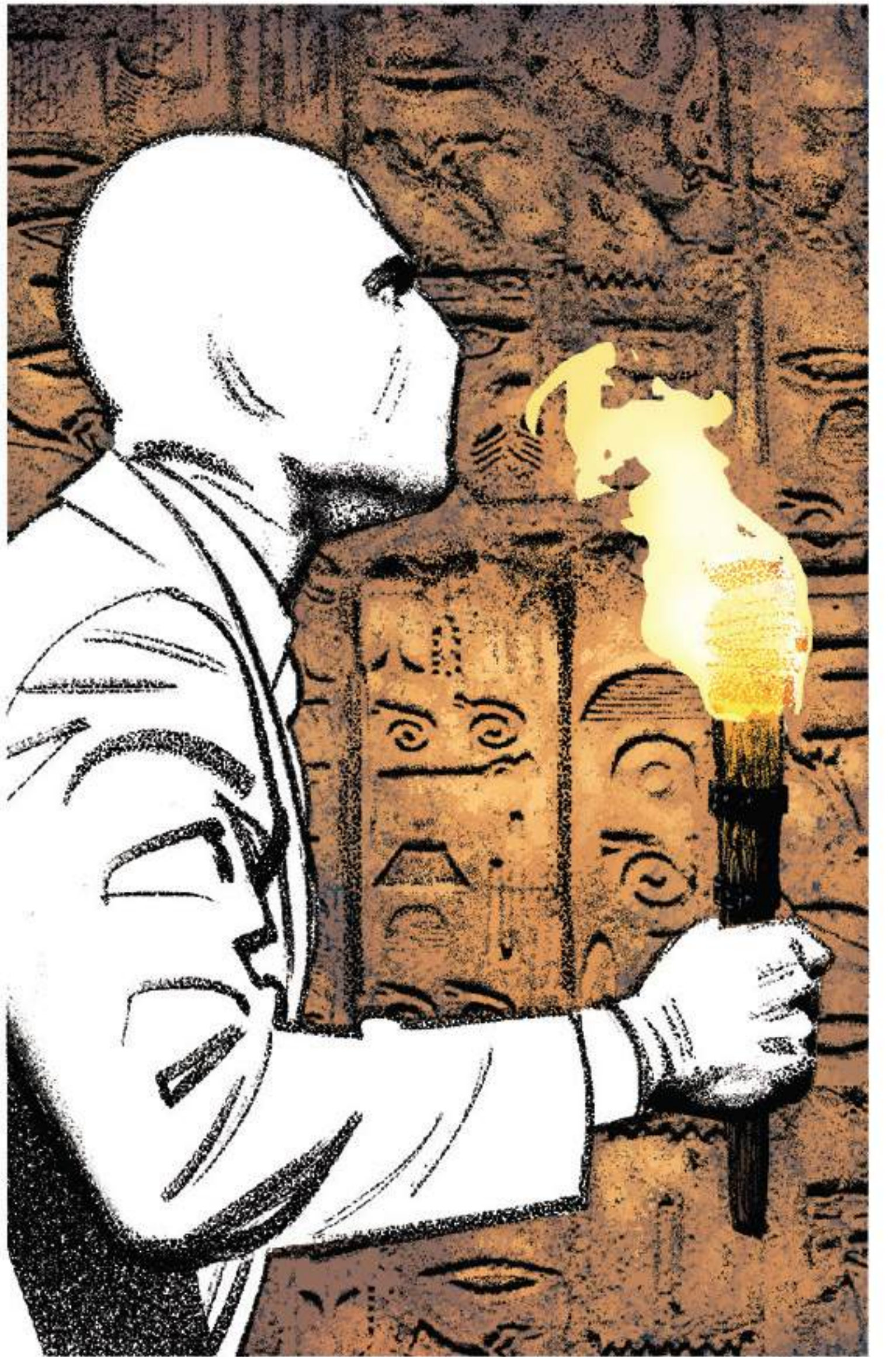
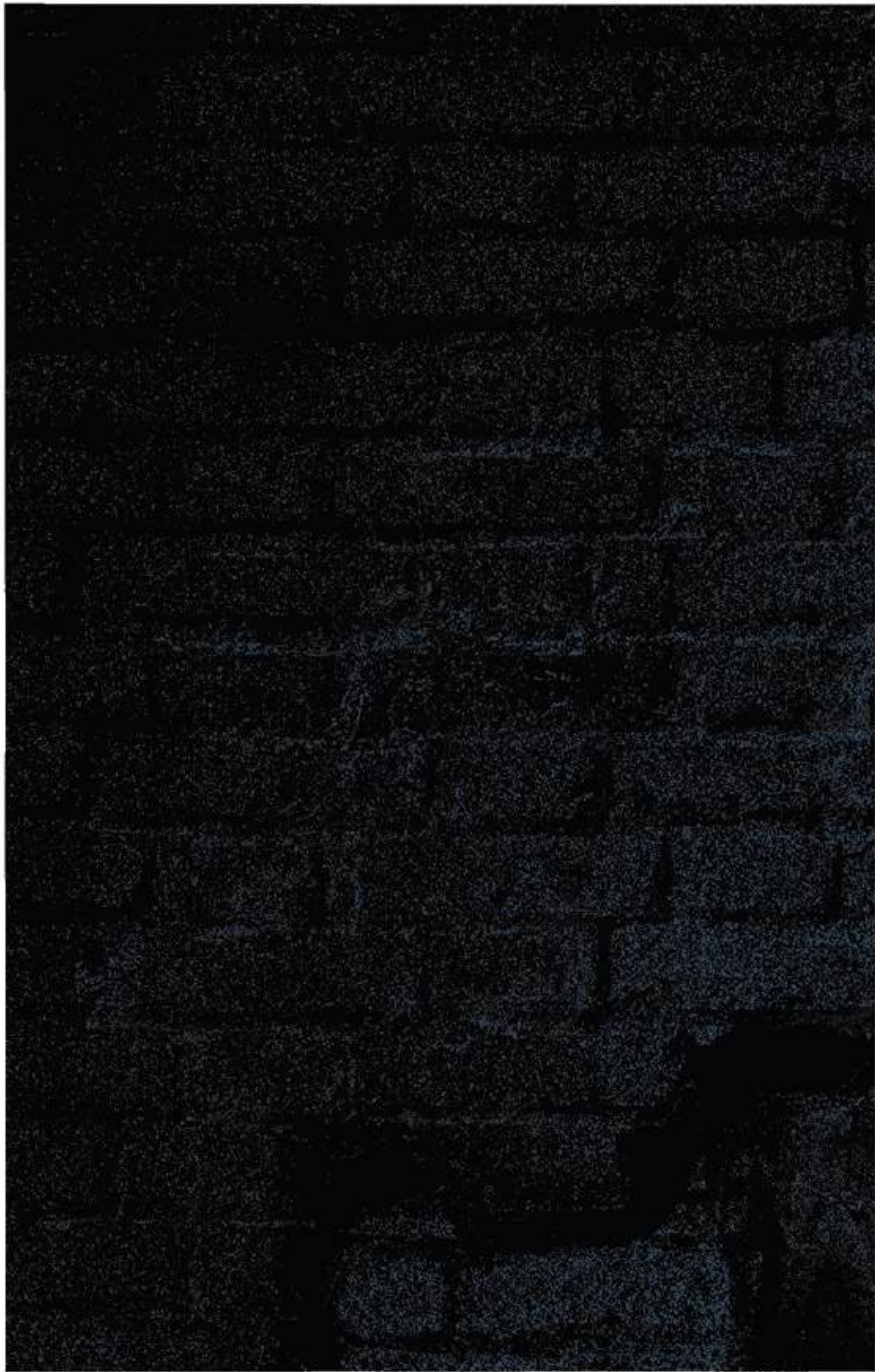


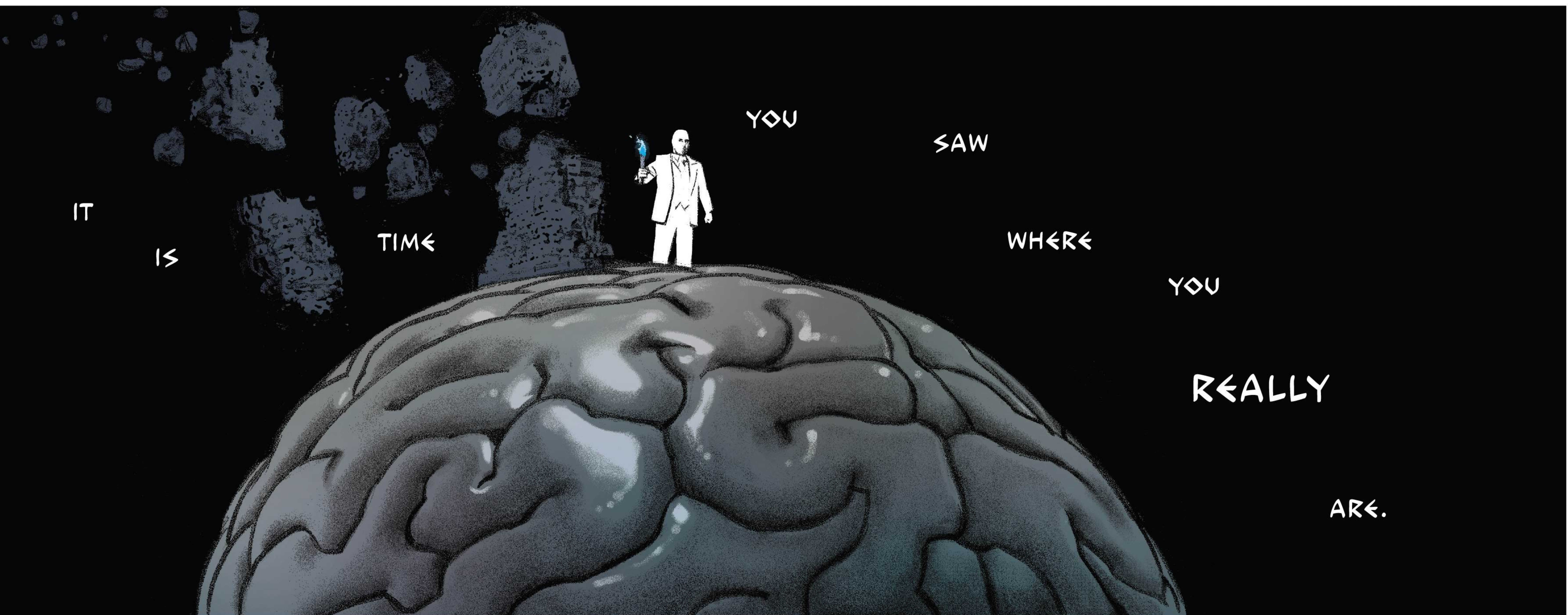
AND
CRAWLEY?

YES?

CALL ME
MR. KNIGHT.







NEAR THE SUDANESE-EGYPTIAN BORDER.



SOME YEARS AGO.



E.T.A.,
JEAN-PAUL?

WE'RE ABOUT
FIVE MINUTES OUT,
BUSHMAN. NO SIGN
OF TROUBLE AND
FLYING LOW ENOUGH
TO STAY OFF
RADAR.

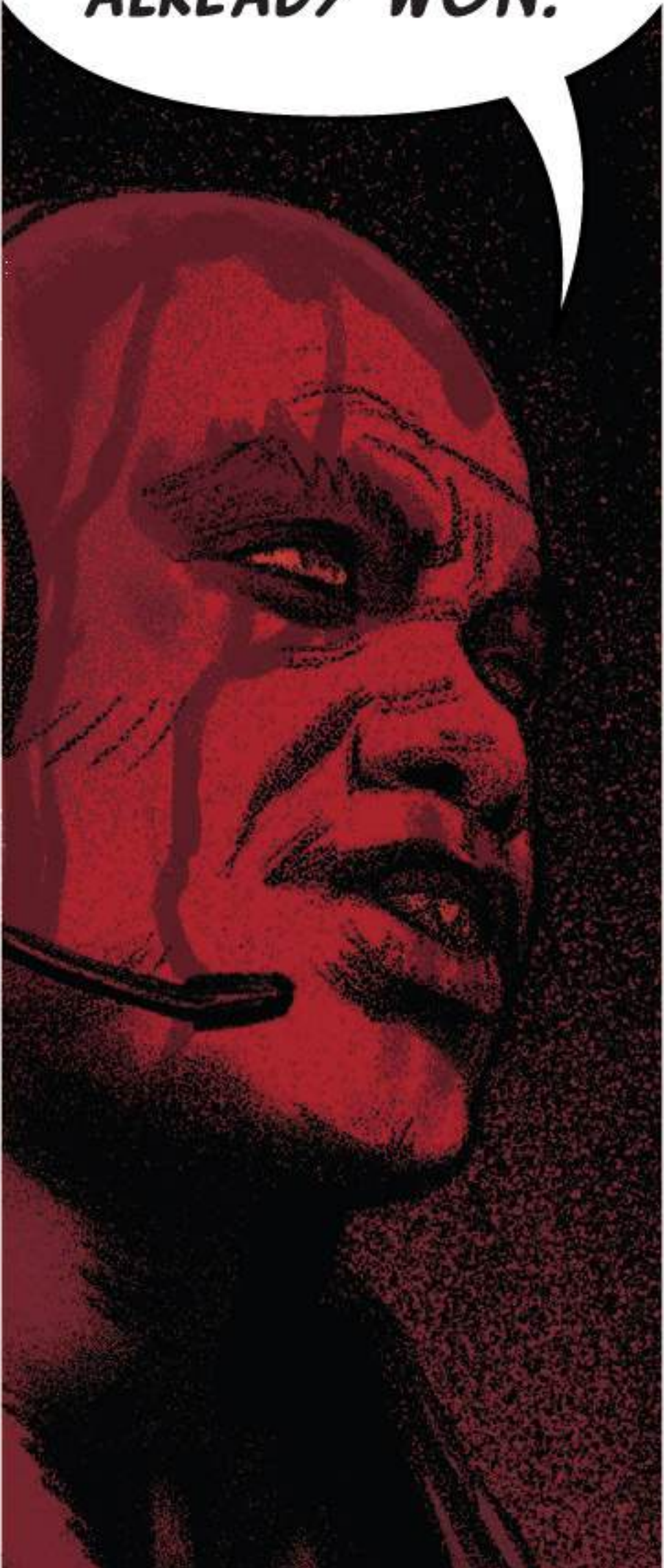
I STILL
DON'T KNOW WHY
WE'RE LOADED FOR
BEAR LIKE THIS FOR A
RAID ON AN
ARCHAEOLOGICAL
DIG SITE.



MY MEN
TELL ME THESE
ARCHAEOLOGISTS HAVE
FOUND SOME SORT OF
TOMB. SOMETHING OF HUGE
SIGNIFICANCE. YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY'LL DO TO
PROTECT THAT?

BUT THERE
ARE LIKELY NO
GUARDS. NO
SECURITY.

FEAR IS THE KEY,
SPECTOR. NO MATTER
THE JOB. YOU STRIKE
TOTAL FEAR INTO THE
ENEMY AND YOU'VE
ALREADY WON.



I GUESS, BUT
THESE PEOPLE ARE
INNOCENTS. LET'S
REMEMBER THAT. THIS
ISN'T A BUNCH OF DRUG
RUNNERS OR SOLDIERS
WE'RE GOING UP
AGAINST.

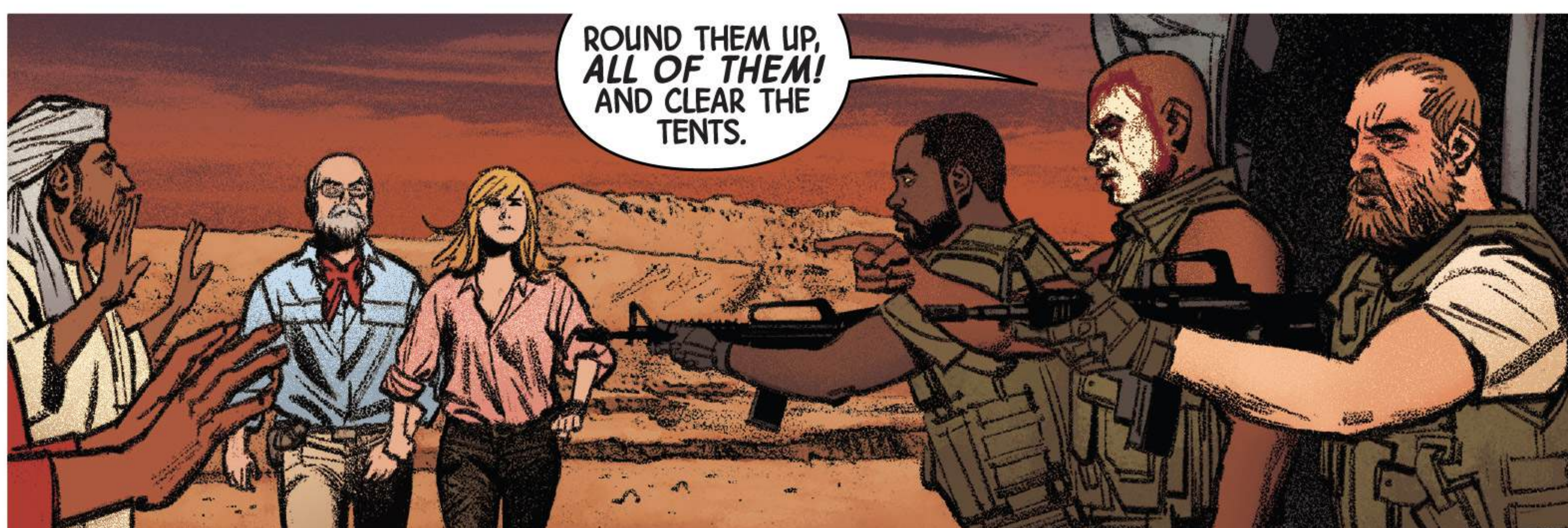


I'M THE ONE
WHO HIRED YOU,
SPECTOR. I RUN
THIS JOB. YOU
BEST REMEMBER
THAT.

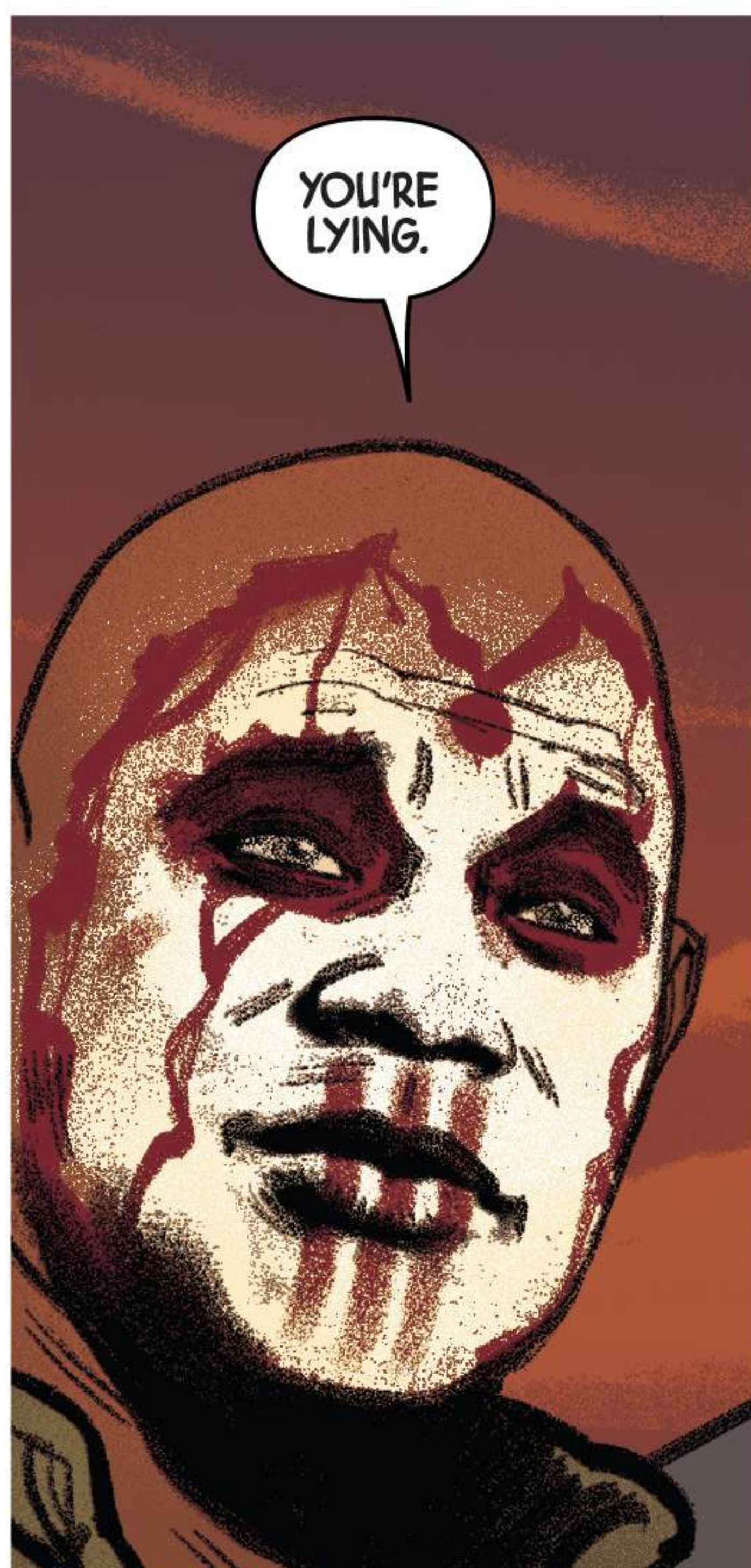
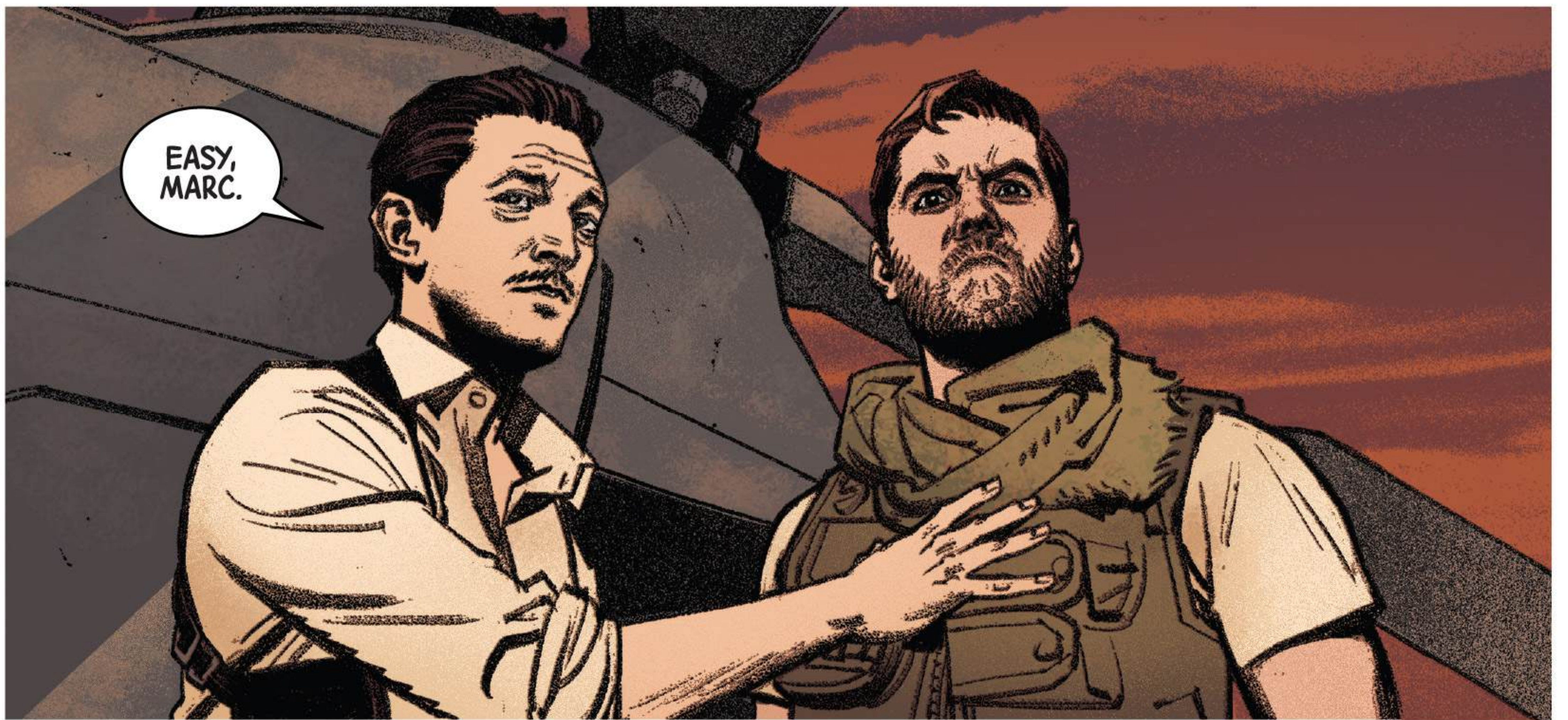


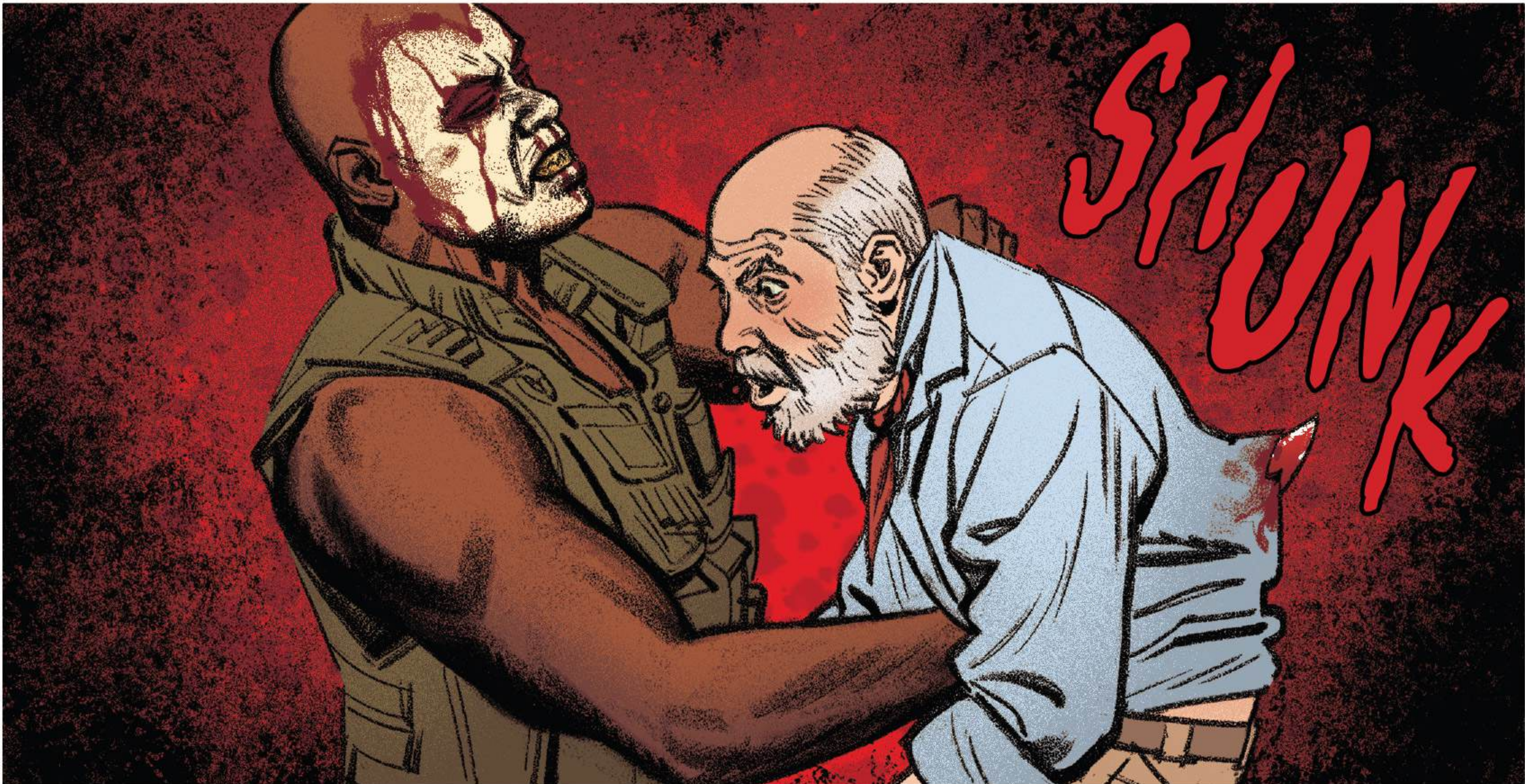
LOOK
ALIVE, MES
AMIS.



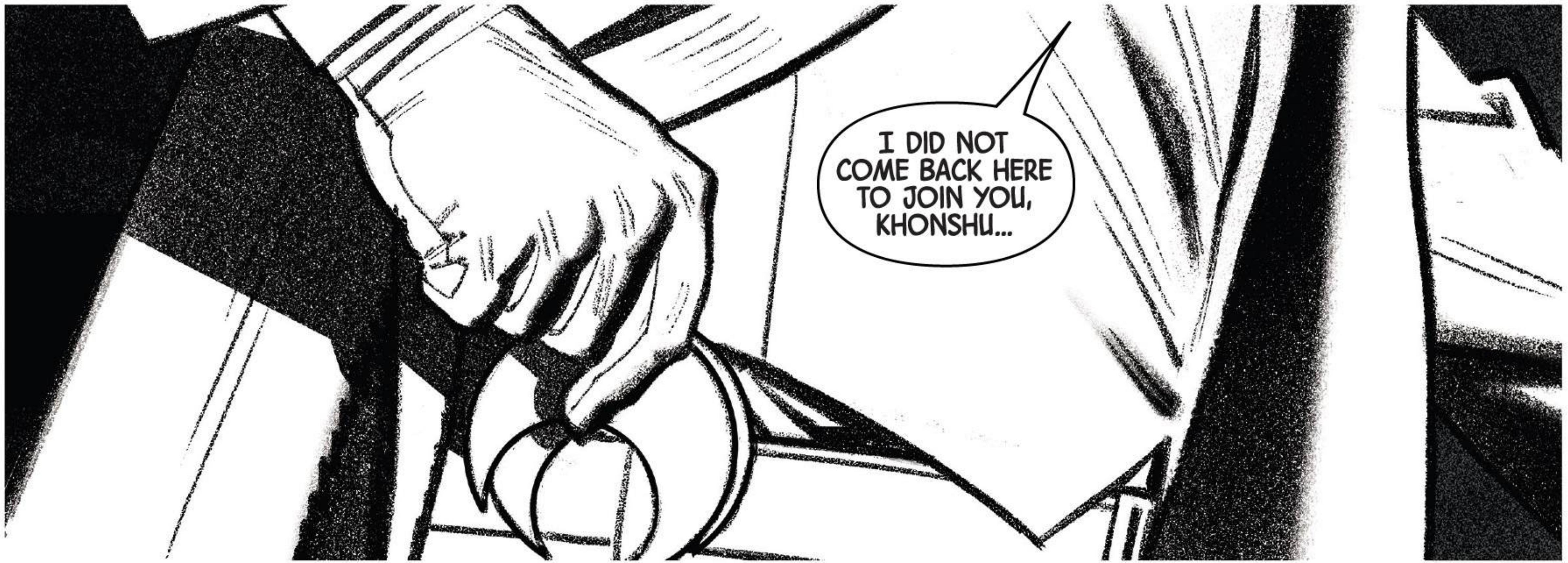














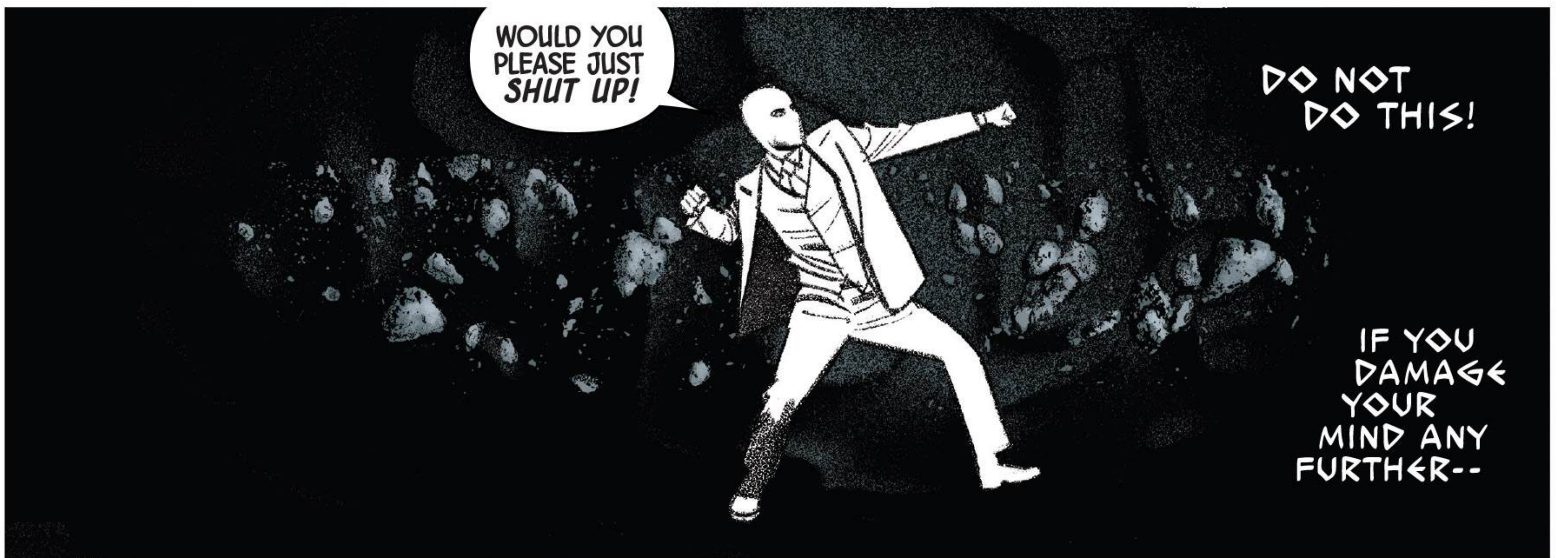
ARRRGH!!

NO!!



DO YOU KNOW HOW
LONG IT TOOK ME
TO CREATE
THAT ASPECT
OF MYSELF?

...ALL
THOSE LITTLE
CRATERS.



WOULD YOU
PLEASE JUST
SHUT UP!

DO NOT
DO THIS!

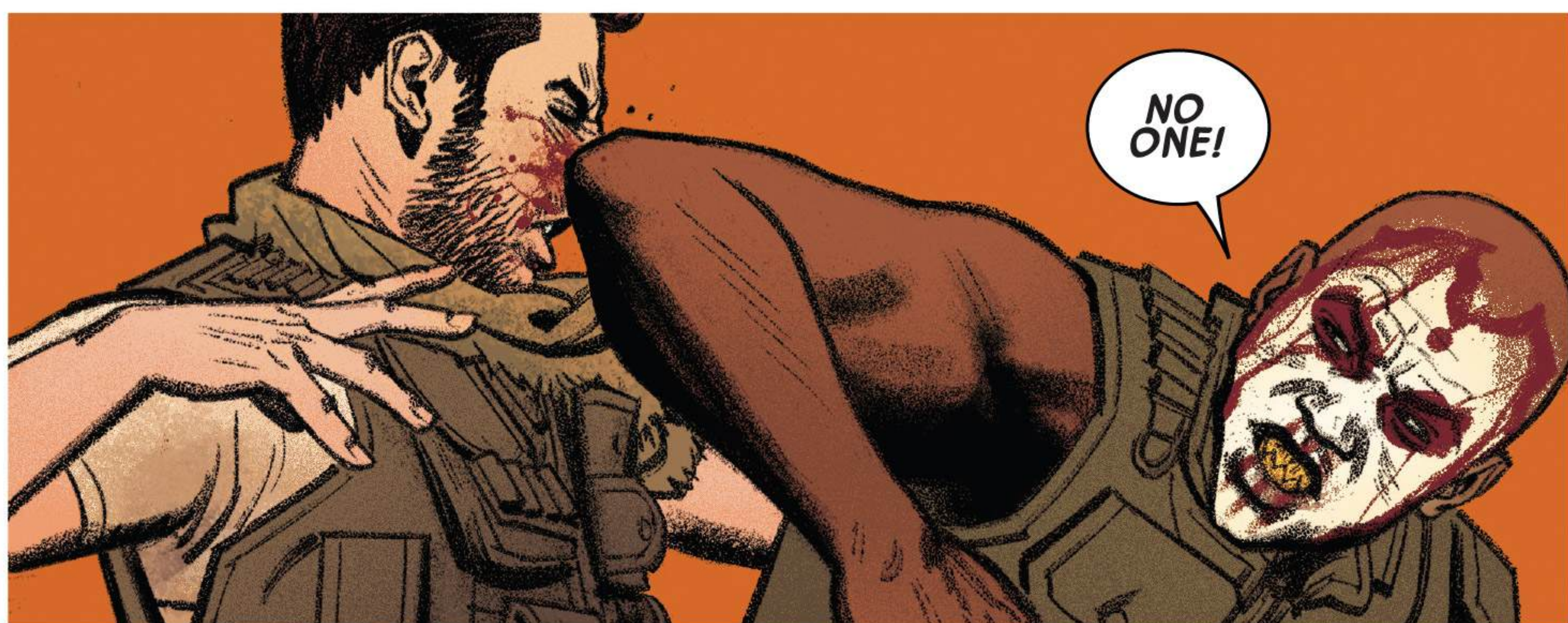
IF YOU
DAMAGE
YOUR
MIND ANY
FURTHER--



A LITTLE
LATE FOR
THAT.

SPLOOT

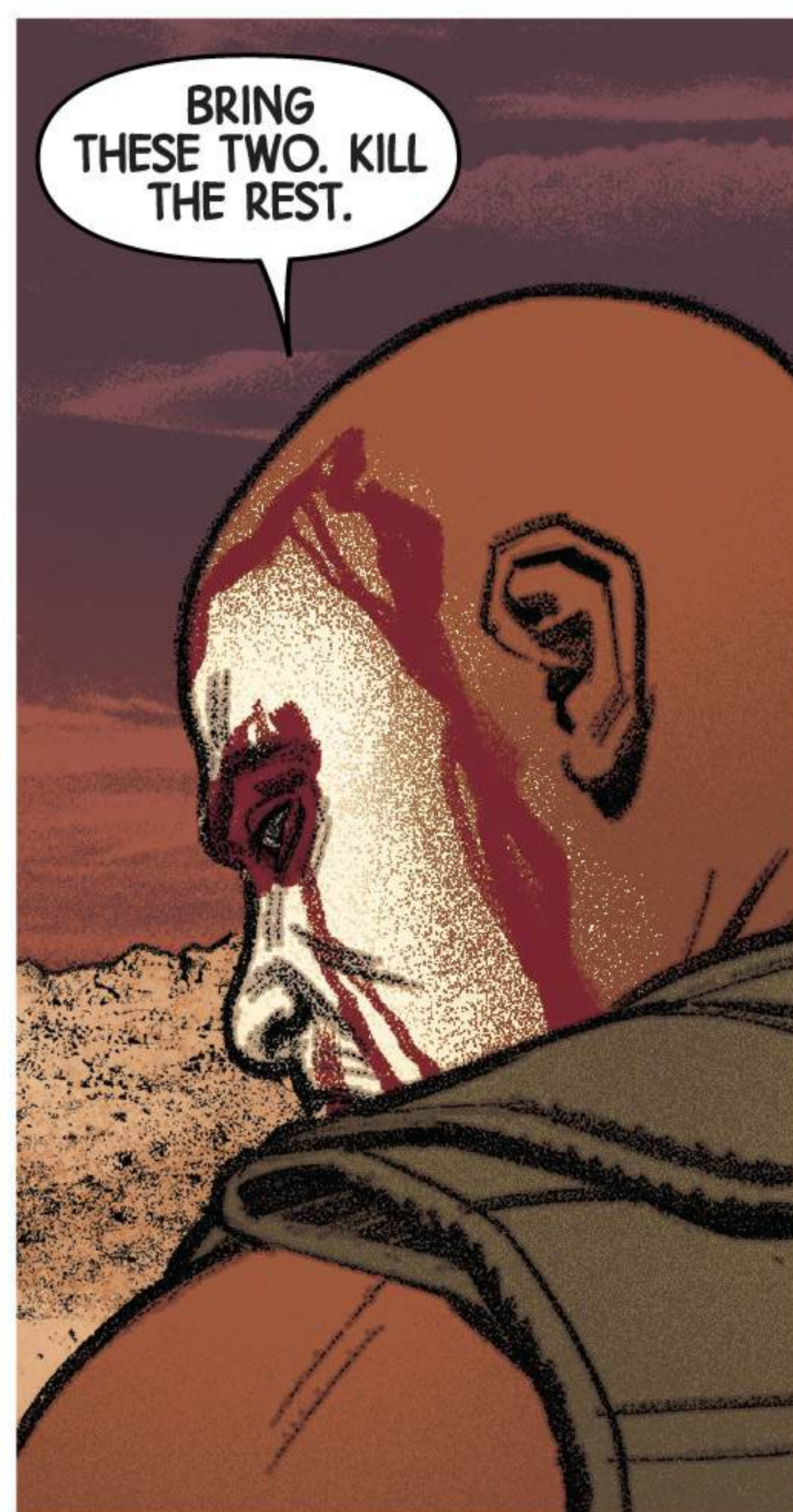


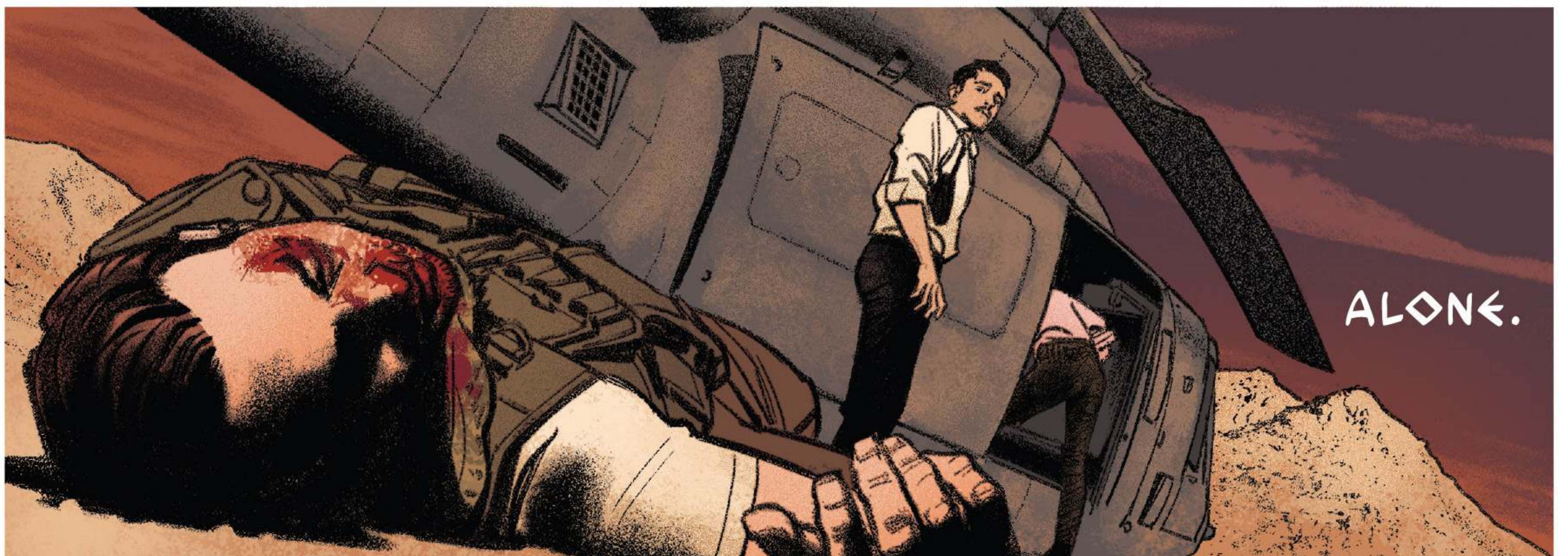
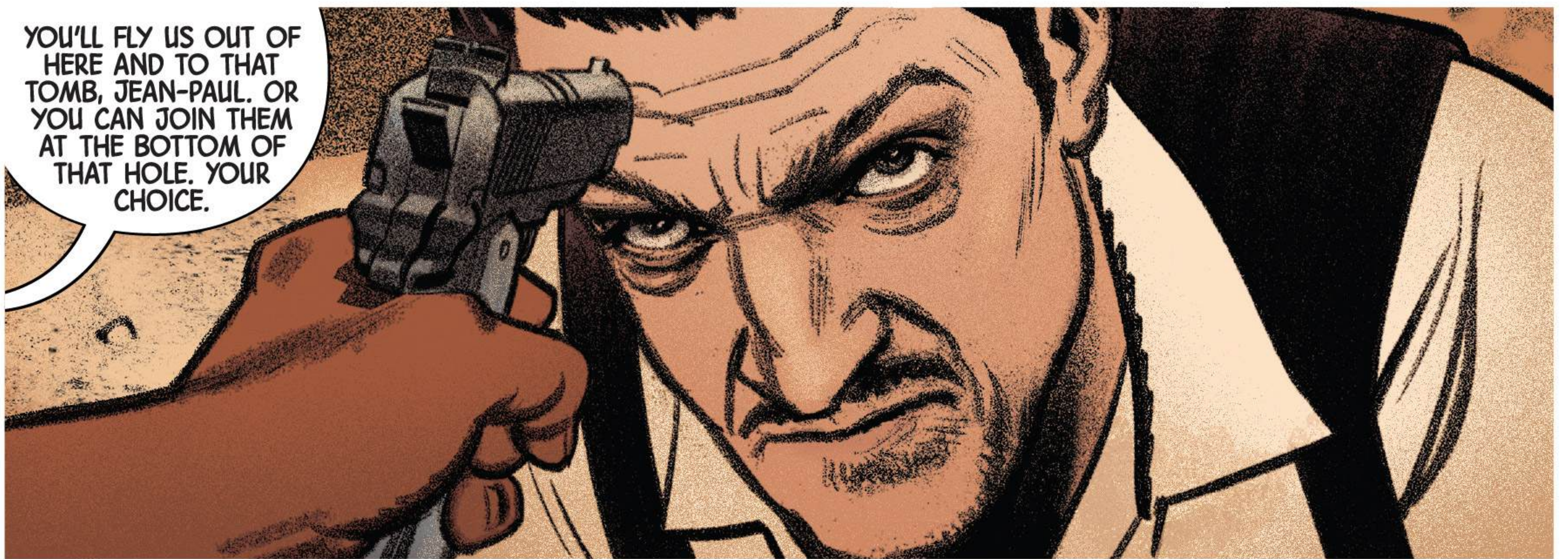




WHAM









YOU ARE ALL ALONE
WITH ONLY YOUR
FRAGILE
LITTLE
MIND.



NO ONE
WILL COME TO
YOUR AID NOW.

NO ALLIES AND NO
FRIENDS TO MAKE YOU
FEEL BETTER ABOUT
YOUR PATHETIC,
RUINED MIND.



THEY KNOW HOW
SENSITIVE AND
FRAGILE YOU ARE.

THEY DON'T WANT
TO HURT YOU
FURTHER,
SO THEY NEVER
SAY IT TO YOUR
FACE, BUT YOU
ARE A LIABILITY
TO THEM.



DEEP IN
THEIR
HEARTS...

...THEY WILL BE
GLAD TO FINALLY
BE RID OF YOU.



AND HERE
YOU ARE.

THE PLACE
WHERE ALL
ROADS
LEAD.

THIS PLACE
WILL BE
YOUR TOMB,
MARC.

SO I HAVE ONLY
ONE QUESTION,
MY SON. ARE
YOU READY?

THAT'S **NOT**
THE QUESTION,
KHONSHU. THE
QUESTION
IS...



...ARE
YOU?



SOME YEARS AGO.

NOWHERE. I
AM NOWHERE
AND NO ONE.

THEY LEFT ME TO DIE.
FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN
WANDERING ALL DAY. NO
SHELTER. NO HOPE.



TRAPPED IN A BRIGHT,
BURSTING NIGHTMARE.
THIS IS NOT--THIS IS
NOT HOW I THOUGHT
I WOULD DIE.



MARC?
WHY ARE YOU
LYING THERE
LIKE THAT?



ST-STEVEN?
JAKE?



WILL YOU GUYS
STAY WITH ME?
I--I'M SCARED.

WE'VE NEVER
LEFT YOU.

WE'VE BEEN
HERE ALL ALONG.
JUST REST. WE'RE
NOT GOING
ANYWHERE.



EVEN WHEN
YOU DON'T
SEE US, WE'LL
BE HERE.



JUST
REST. IT'LL BE
NIGHT SOON...

"...AND HE'LL
BE COMING
FOR US."



MARC?



MARC,
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

I--
YES.



COME
TO ME...

THEN COME
TO ME,
MY SON.

...AND BE REBORN
IN MY LIGHT.

IT IS TIME.



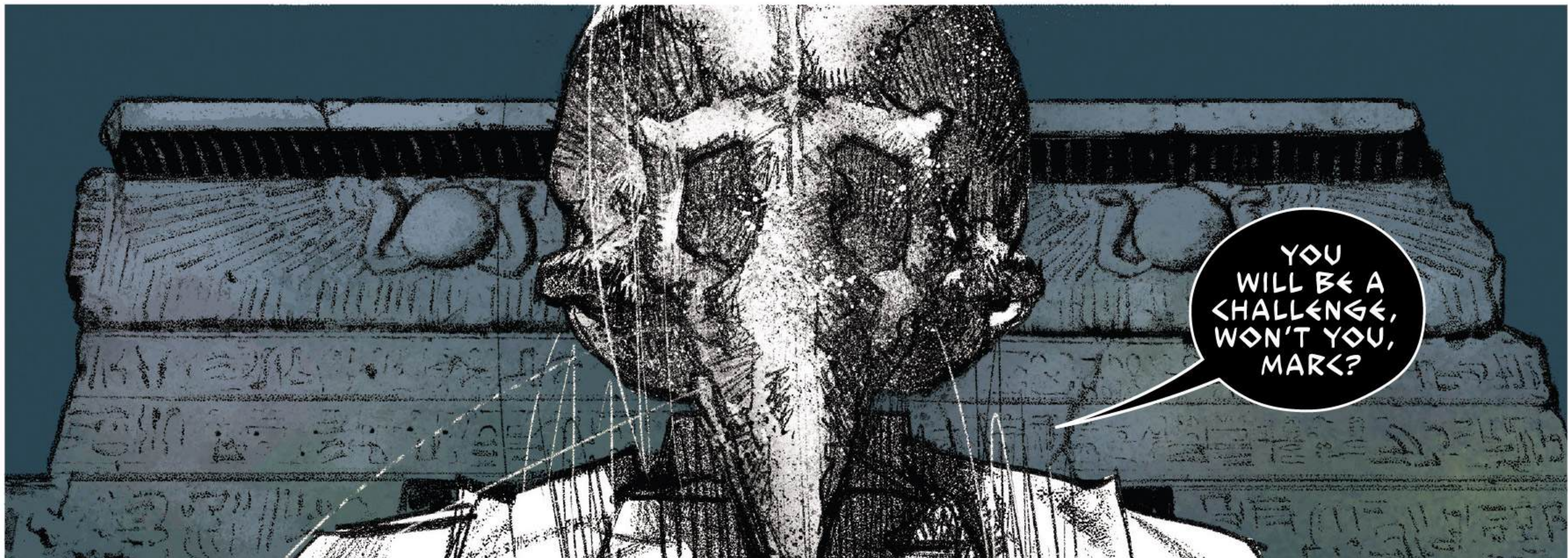
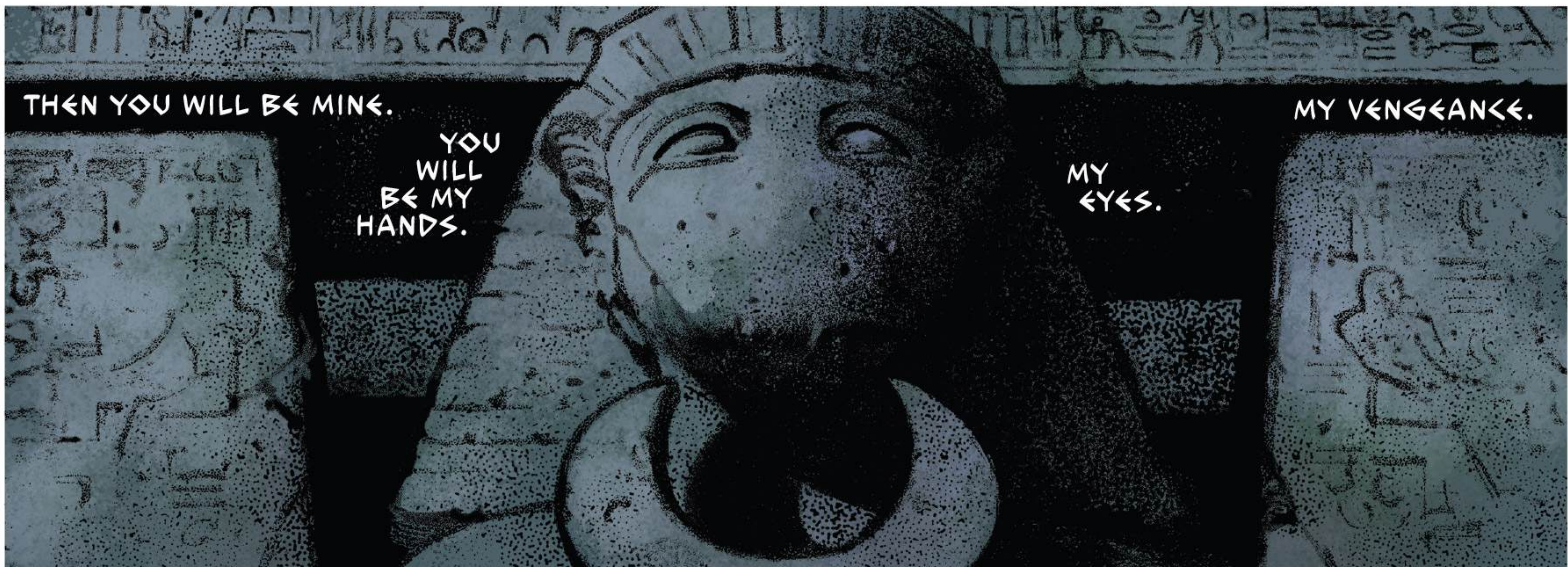
WHO ARE
YOU?

SOON.
SOON,
YOU WILL
KNOW
MY NAME...



SOON,
YOU WILL
KNOW MY FACE.





NOW.



MARC?!
MARC, HELP
ME!

MARLENE?!



MARLENE!



MARLENE?!

UH-UH. SORRY, SPECTOR.
JUST YOUR GOOD OLD
FRIENDS BOBBY AND
BILLY AND DOC
AMMUT.

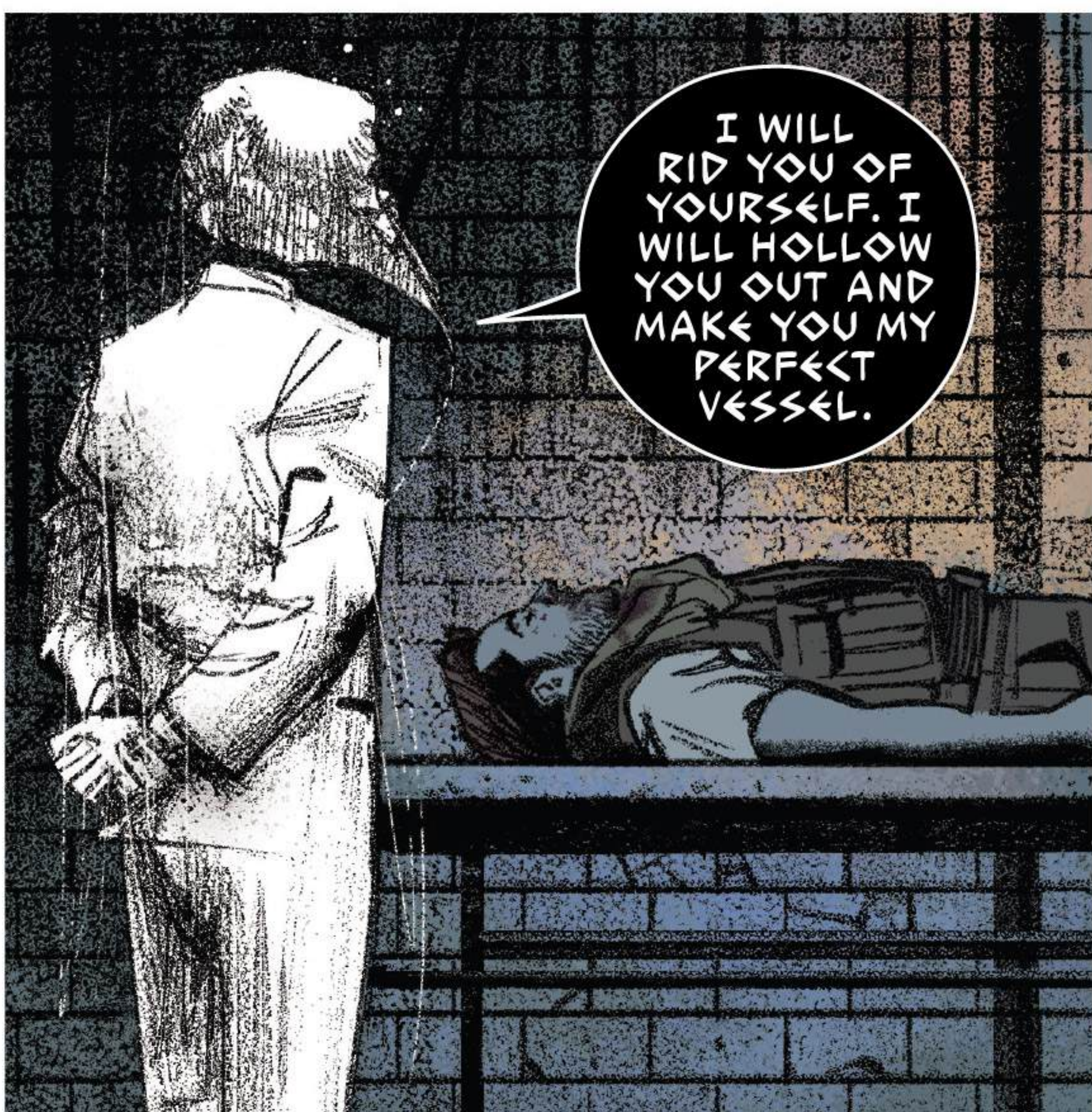
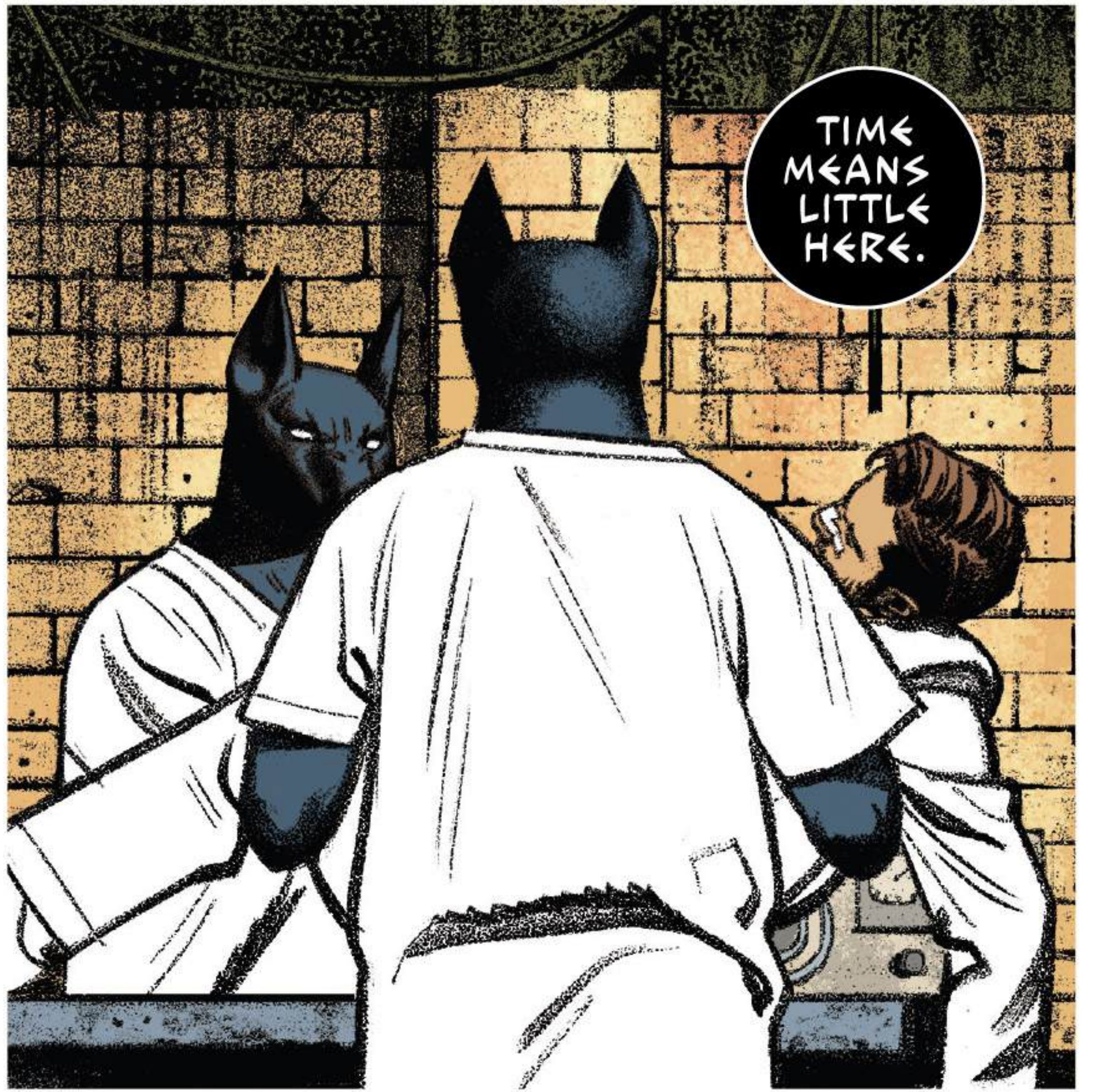
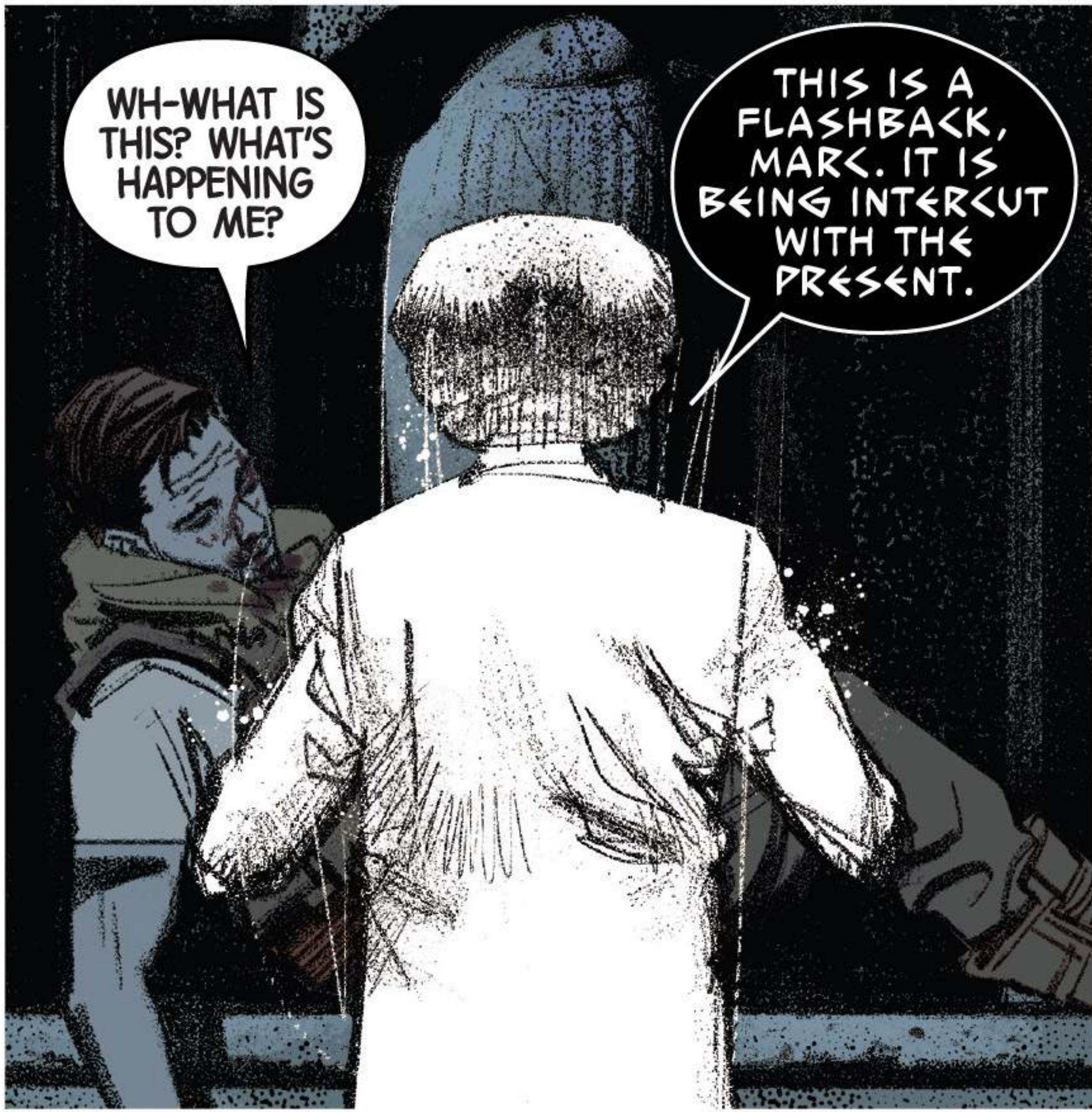
YOU'VE BEEN
MISSING YOUR
TREATMENTS, MARC.
I SHUDDER TO THINK
WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE
YOU'VE GOTTEN
YOURSELF INTO. WELL,
NO MORE...

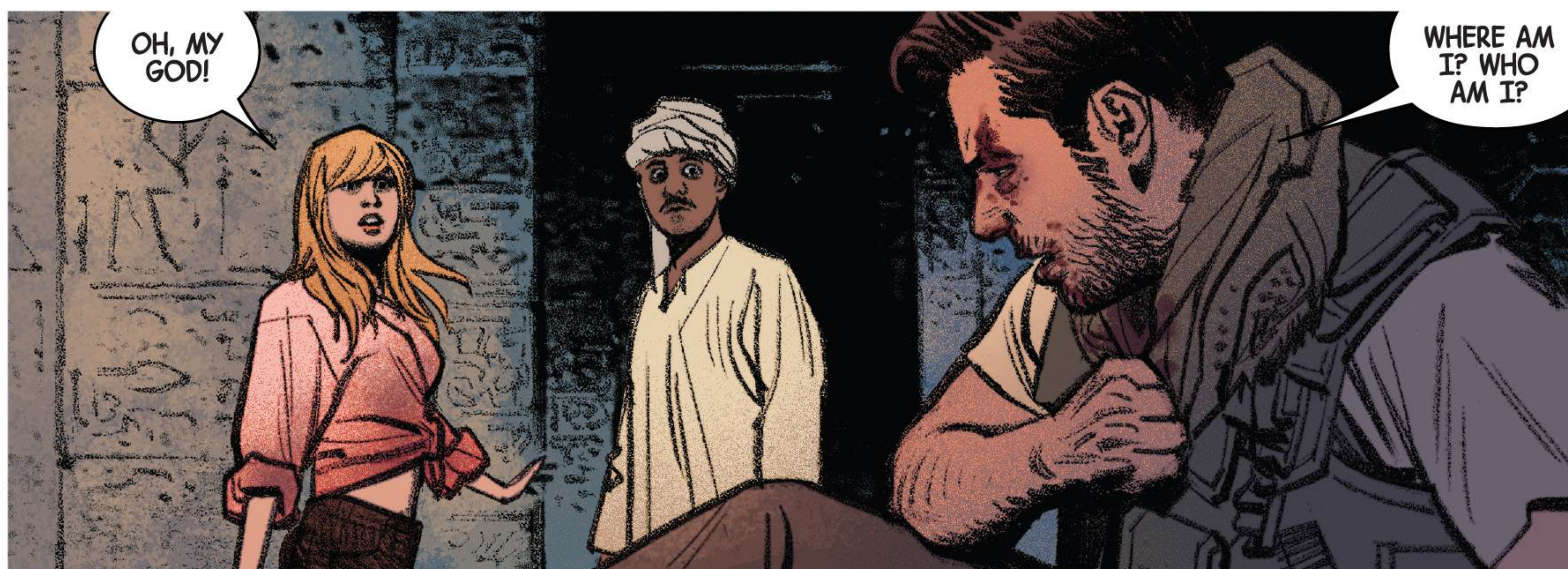


TODAY WE BEGIN A NEW
SESSION OF **AGGRESSIVE
THERAPY.**

THAT'S
RIGHT, MOON
MAN. YOU
ARE GONNA
FRY.







OH, MY
GOD!

WHERE AM
I? WHO
AM I?



YOU...
YOU WERE
DEAD!

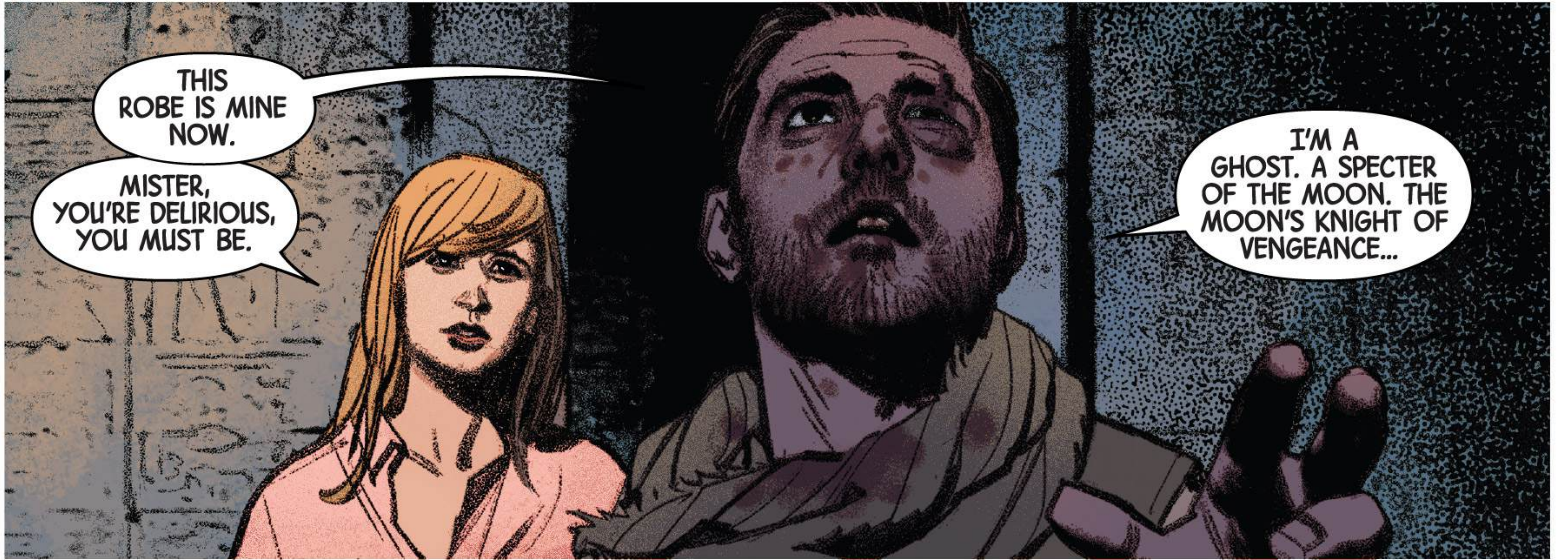
NO MORE
THAN *HE* IS
DEAD.



YOU MEAN
KHONSHU?

YES...

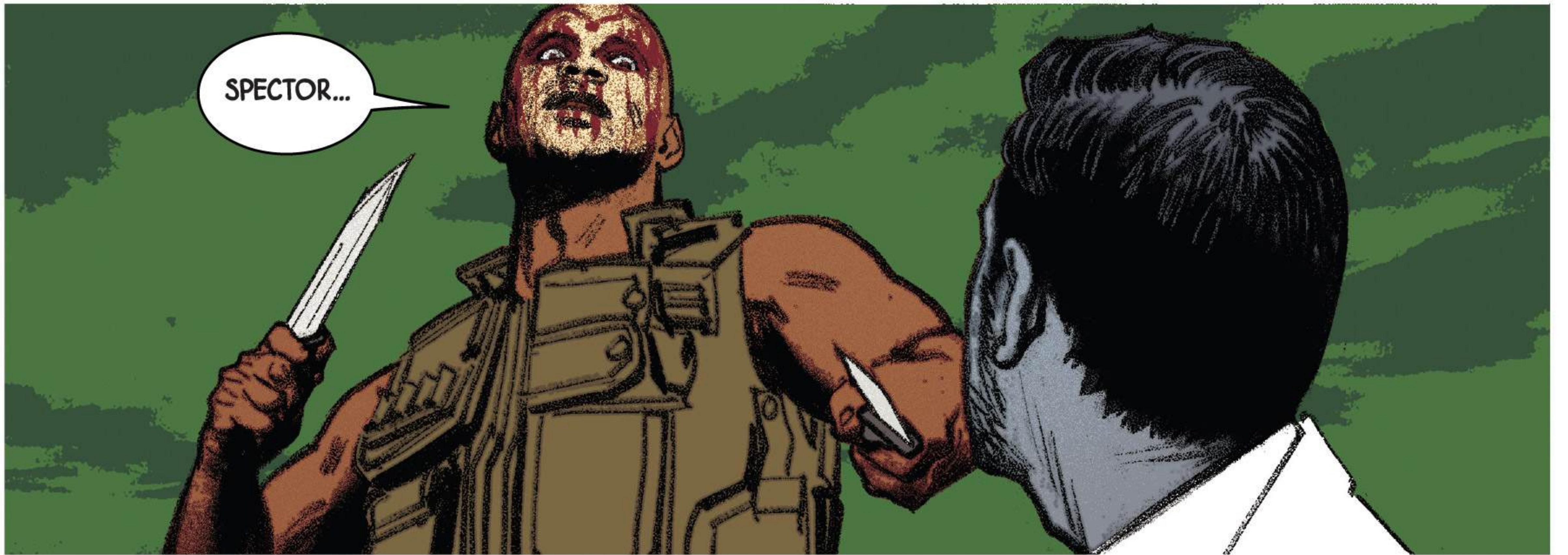
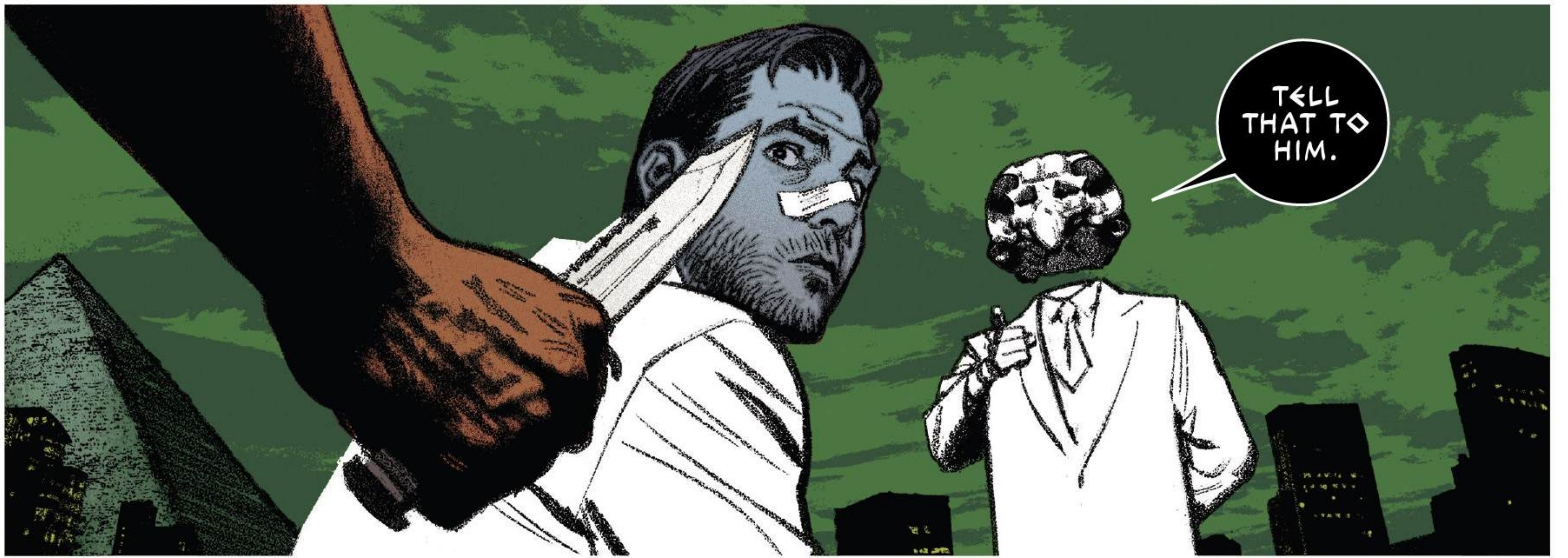
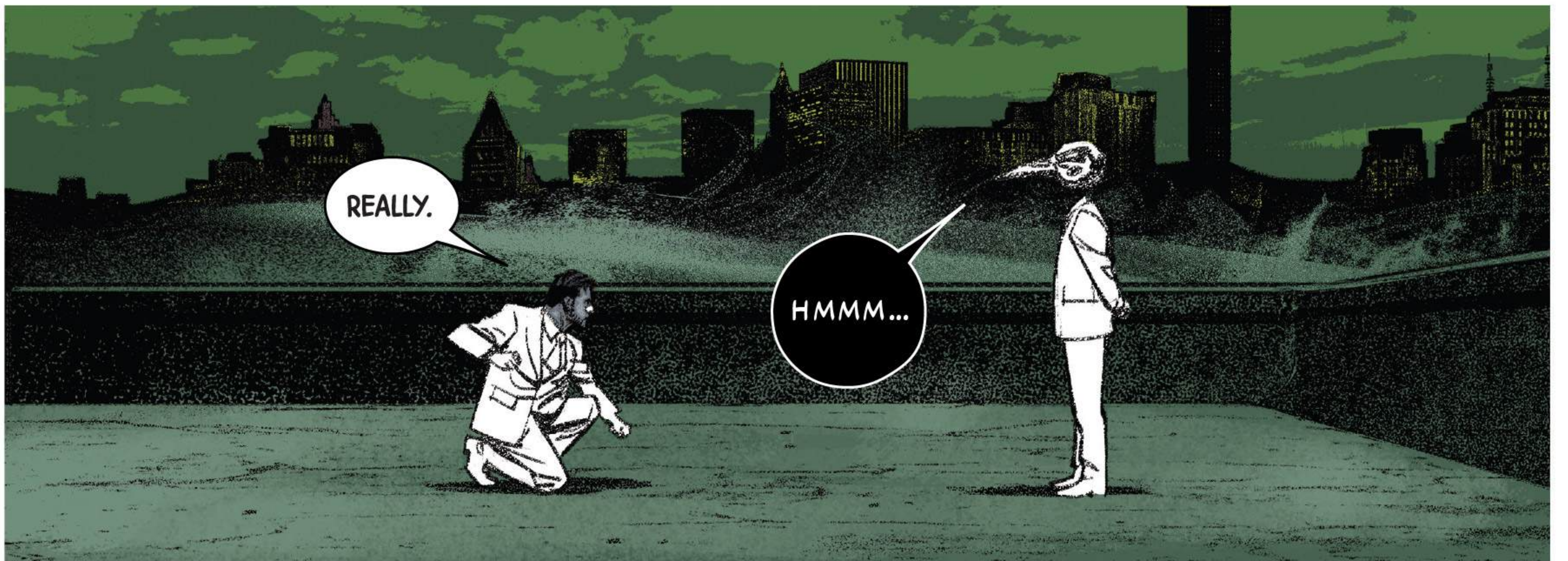
ONE OF
THE GODS
OF THE MOON...
*THE TAKER OF
VENGEANCE...*



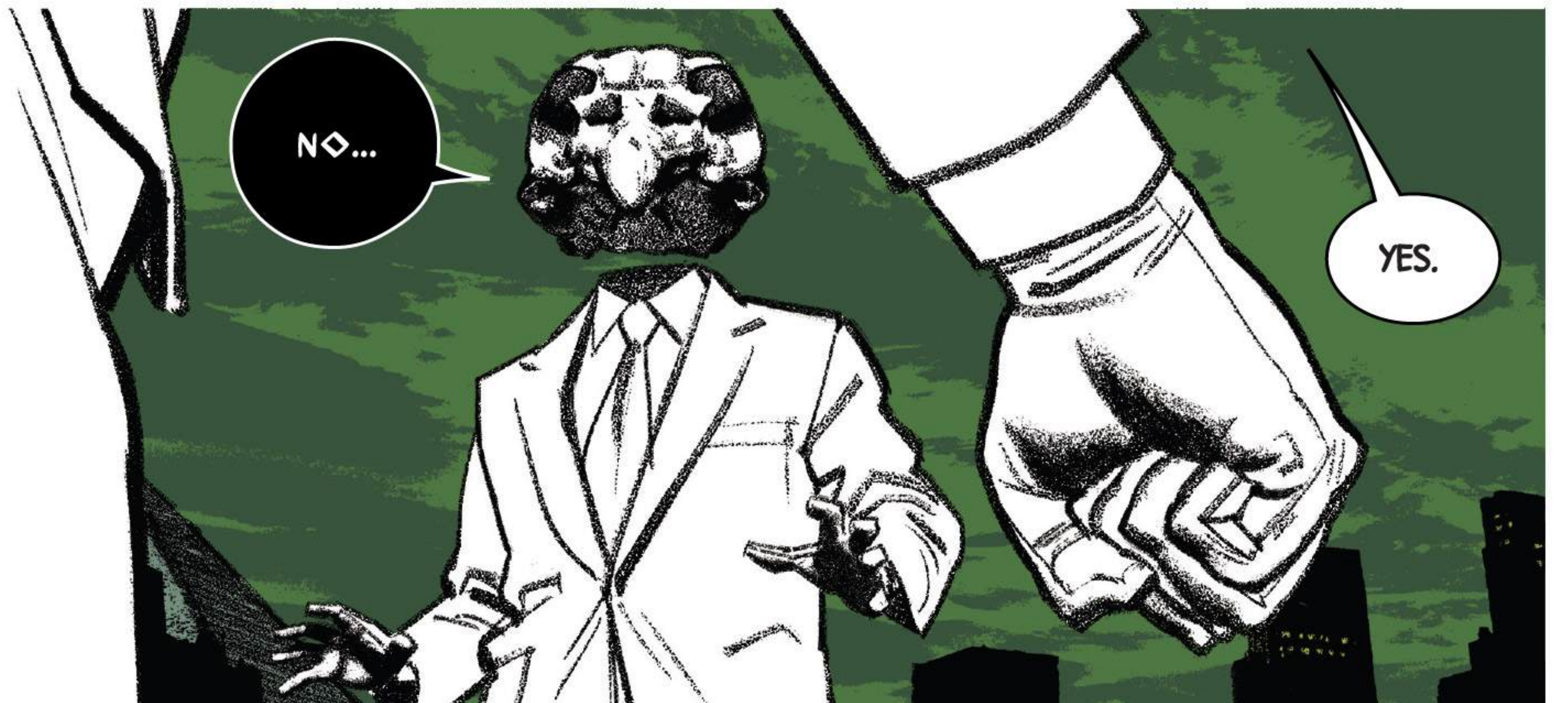
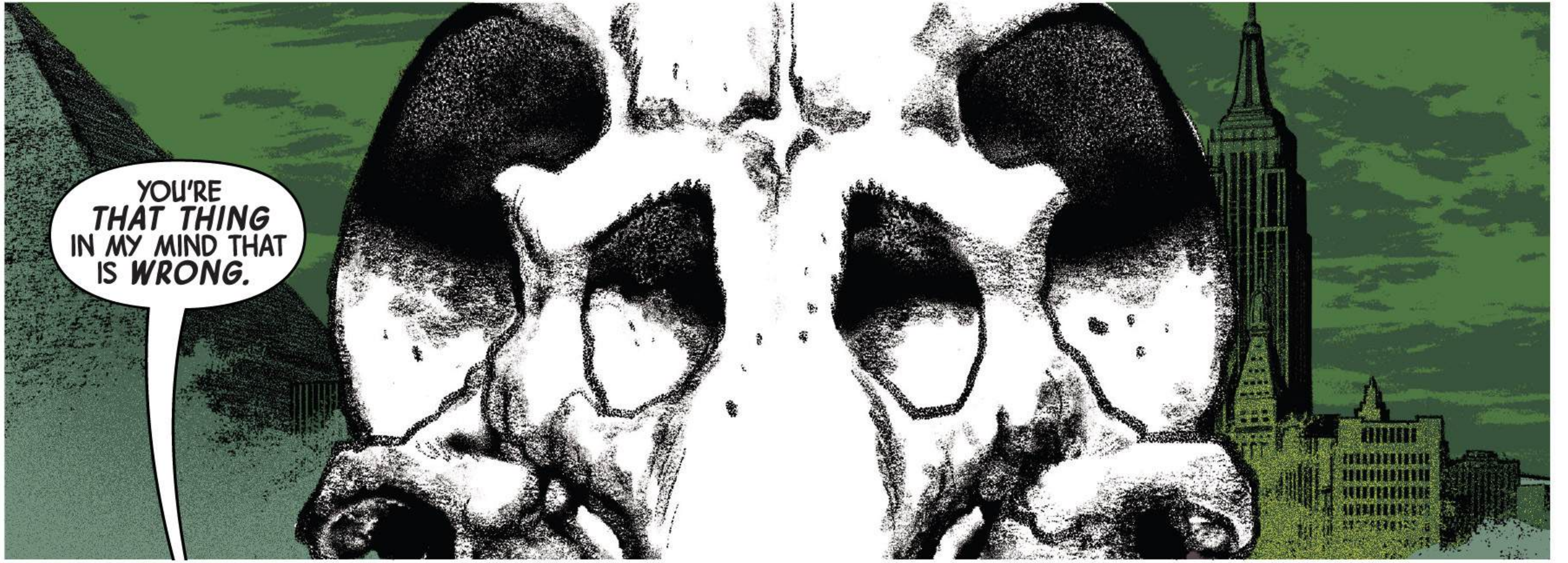












I AM SICK. I
KNOW THAT. I WILL
NEVER BE CURED. THIS
IS ALWAYS GOING
TO BE WHO
I AM.



BUT I CAN
STILL LIVE. I
CAN STILL HAVE
A LIFE.

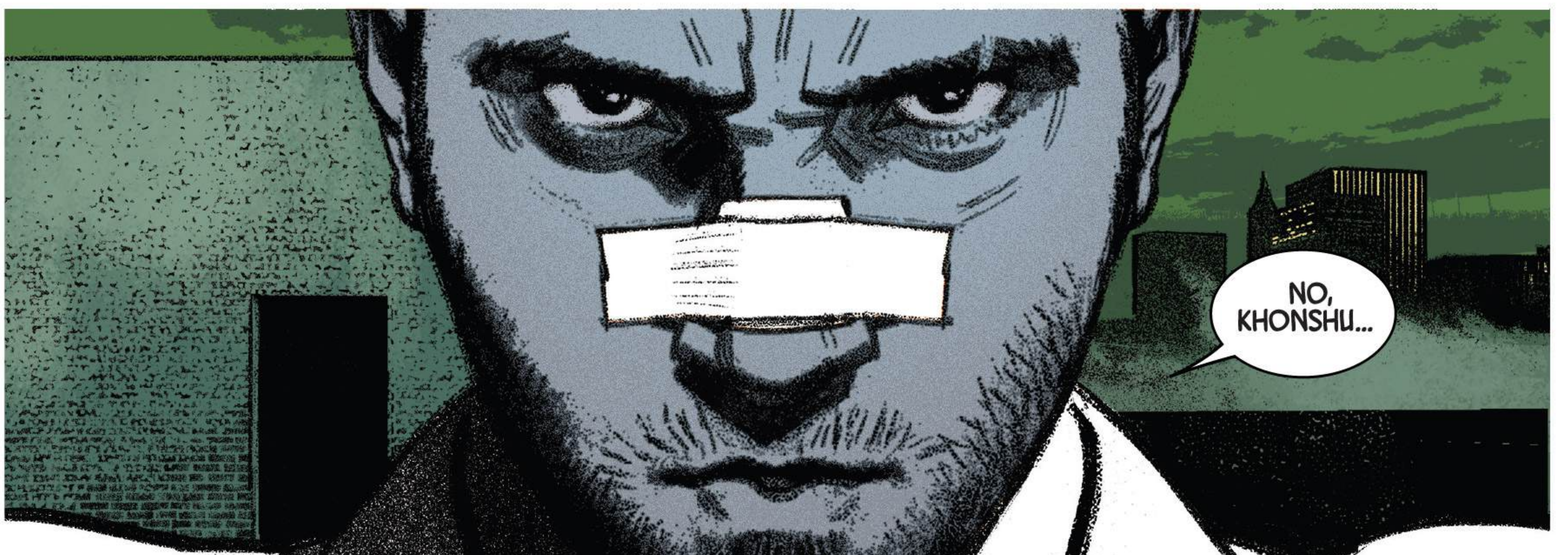
AND
I WON'T
LET YOU RUIN
THAT FOR ME
ANYMORE.



PLEASE...
YOU NEED
ME.

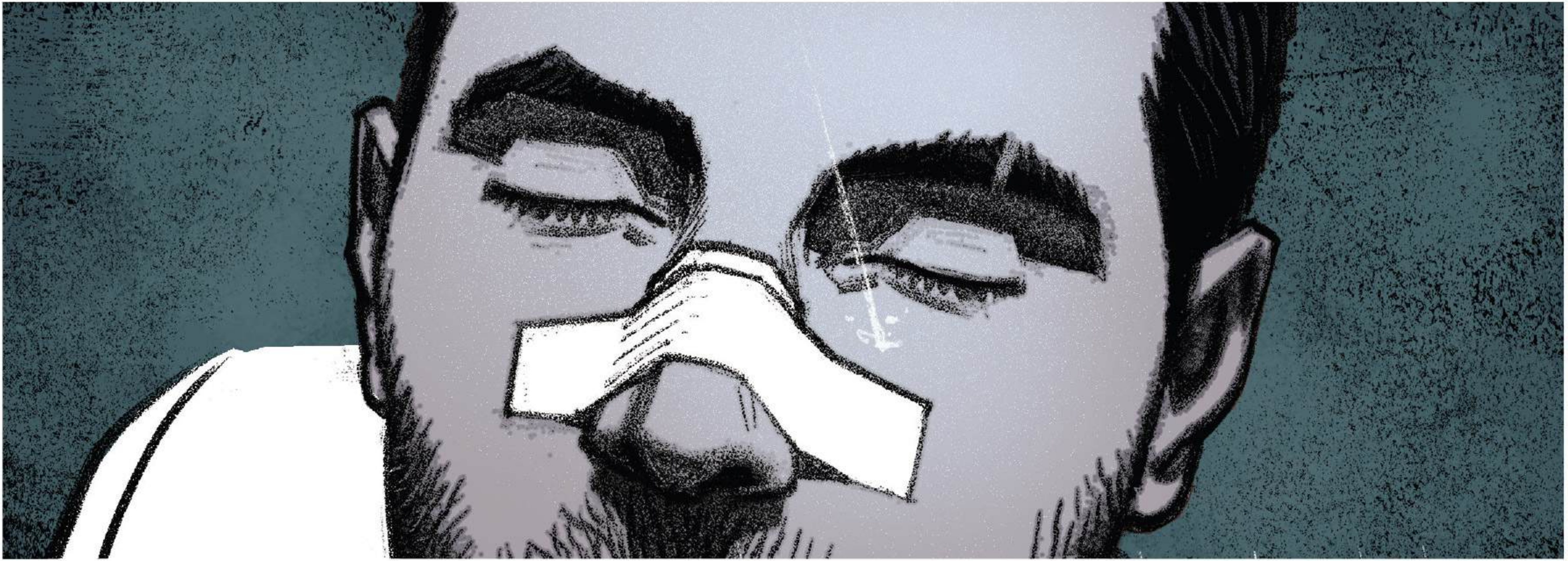
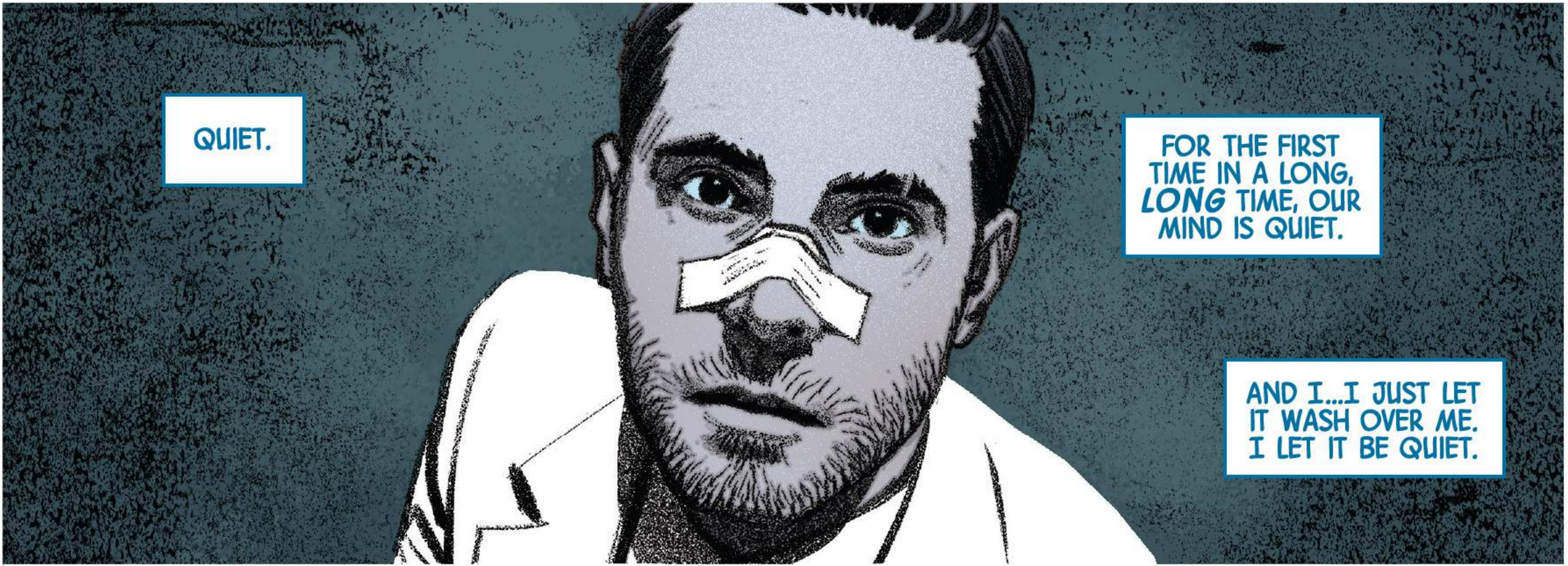


NO,
KHONSHU...













REAL
ENOUGH,
ANYWAY.

AND THAT'S
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR US.

THE END.



#10 VARIANT BY TYLER CROOK



#10 VARIANT BY WHILCE PORTACIO & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR



#14 VARIANT BY PASQUAL FERRY & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR

The Marvel logo, consisting of the word "MARVEL" in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters inside a red rectangular box.

"Artists Greg Smallwood and Jordie Bellaire are fantastic visual storytellers, and writer Jeff Lemire's script presents many opportunities to show off their talents." – Newsarama.com



THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE MAN BEHIND MOON KNIGHT'S MASK!

MARC SPECTOR WAS BORN IN CHICAGO – but where was his alter ego Steven Grant born? A story of birth, death and rebirth digs deep into Spector's past – and redefines the history of Moon Knight as you know it! Trapped outside of reality, his survival depends on answers – but Spector is plagued by nothing but questions! Is Moon Knight stronger alone, or more vulnerable? Where has he really been all this time? Where was a man like Marc Spector forged? And where will he face his final battle? As the answers are revealed, an epic throwdown between Marc Spector and Khonshu is inevitable! Can Moon Knight survive? And what will be left of him if he does?

COLLECTING **MOON KNIGHT (2016) #10-14** – BY JEFF LEMIRE,
GREG SMALLWOOD AND JORDIE BELLAIRE.

T+

